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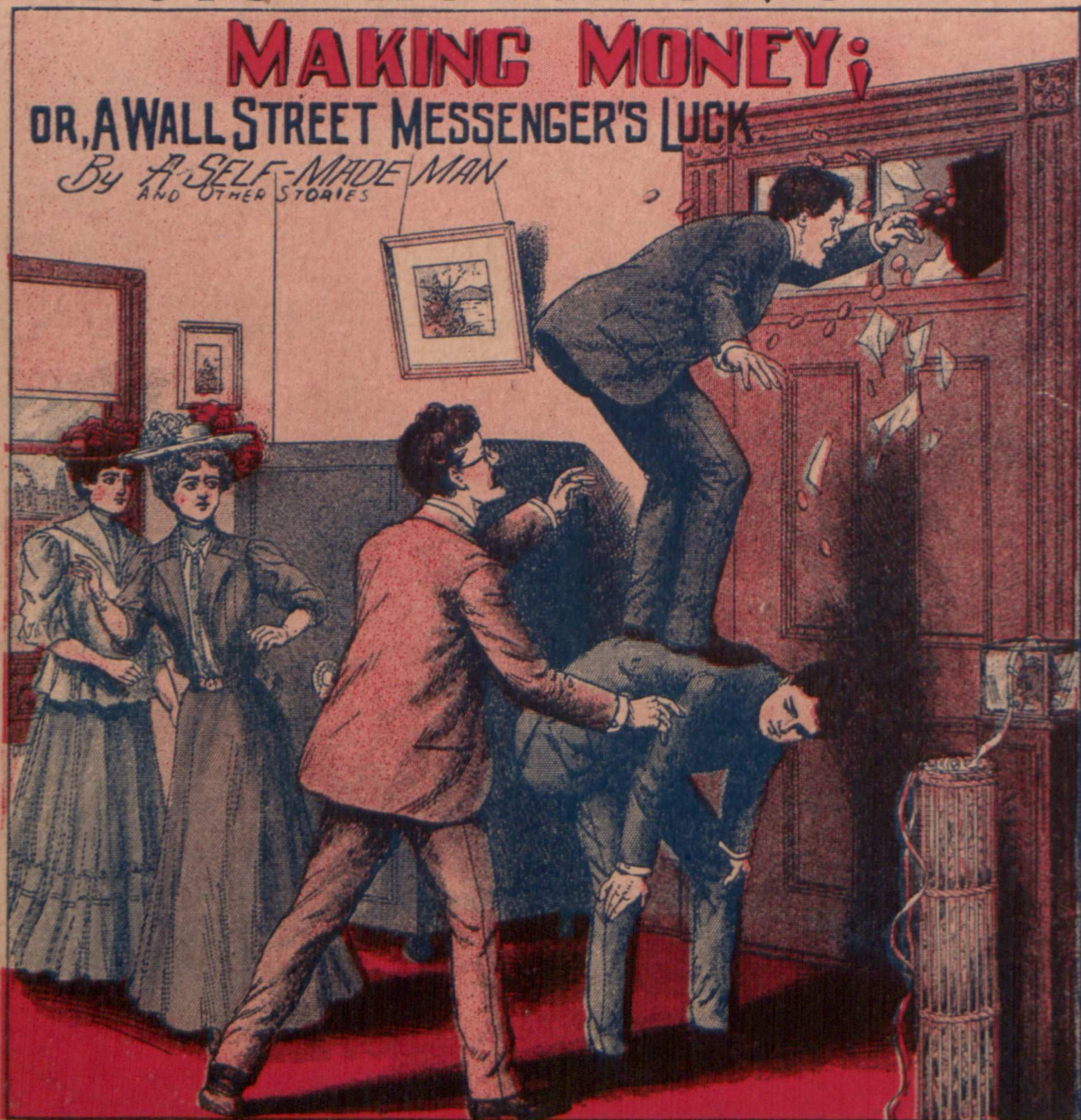
Price 8 Cents

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF
BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

MAKING MONEY; OR, A WALL STREET MESSENGER'S LUCK.

*By A SELF-MADE MAN
AND OTHER STORIES*



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3 FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, MARCH 6, 1925

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MAKING MONEY

OR, A WALL STREET MESSENGER'S LUCK

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—A Startling Occurrence.

"What's the matter, girls? Are you locked out?" asked Bob Evans, an alert, good-looking boy of perhaps eighteen years, to two pretty misses who were standing at the door of the office adjoining his own in the Wall Street building where he worked as messenger for Louis Danforth, stock broker.

It was about half-past nine in the morning, and Bob was returning from a stationer's with a box of pens the cashier had sent for.

"Yes, we can't get in," replied Dora White. "Mr. Sackman is always here before us, but this morning he seems to be late. I do hate standing out in the corridor."

"So do I," said Lily Page, who worked for Mr. Sackman, too.

"Well, you have my sympathy," laughed Bob, who knew both of the girls very well, and was rather smitten with Miss Dora, who was a particularly charming and vivacious young lady.

"I do wish Mr. Sackman would come," said Dora, tapping the marble floor impatiently with the toe of her shoe. "Everybody who comes along stares at us, and it's just too unpleasant for anything."

"Well, what's the matter with you stepping into our office and waiting there?" asked Bob. "You can stand near the connecting door and then you're bound to hear him when he comes."

"Let's do it," said Lily.

Bob opened the door of Mr. Danforth's office and bowed the girls into the reception-room, where they took up their position near the ticker, which stood close to the door that connected with their own office, though it was locked. Bob delivered the box of pens to the cashier, and having nothing else to do at the moment he rejoined the two girls.

"Nice day," he said.

"Of course it is. Just too lovely for anything. I wish it was a holiday," replied Dora.

"You don't wish that any more than I do," replied Bob, promptly.

"Don't you like to work?"

"Of course I like to work. I just dote on it. All the same I appreciate a holiday once in a while."

"All of us do, I guess. Never mind, every day

will be Sunday by and by," said Dora, with another bewitching glance at Bob, as if she knew the power of them.

"So I've heard, but not in this world. Here it is a case of hustle unless you are well fixed and don't need to care whether school keeps or not. I've had to work ever since I left school, for I've got to help keep house for mother. My sister Elsie does the rest. She keeps books for Eissner, Finglestein & Goldstein, shirt manufacturers, on Broadway. Hours, eight till five thirty. She tells me I've got a snap because I don't have to report till nine, and I get off anywhere between half-past three and four."

"Does she get good pay?" asked Dora.

"She gets \$12. She's a pretty smart girl, if I do say it; but, then, I think my sister is the best and nicest girl in the world."

At that moment the door opened and Joe Vincent, who worked for Oliver Lancing, a stock broker, on the other side of the corridor, came in. Joe walked over, and Bob presented him to the girls.

"You work next door, don't you?" said Joe.

"Yes. We're locked out this morning, and Bob Evans was kind enough to invite us to wait in here instead of out in the corridor," said Dora.

"Want to see me about anything?" asked Bob.

"Yes, if you've got any money."

"Well, Joe, I haven't any money, as I supposed you knew. I have to turn all my wages into the house. I couldn't even lend you a quarter this morning."

"A broker I stand well with told me to buy a certain stock on my promise not to say anything about it. I asked him if I might tell you on the same conditions, and he said if I could thoroughly depend on you I could."

"Then I wish I had some money, for I'd like to win a little wad so that I might be able to get mother a new dress, and other things she needs badly."

"No way you could raise a few dollars, is there?"

"None that I know of," answered Bob, shaking his head.

"Too bad, for a fellow doesn't run across a good thing very often."

"Oh, well, we all can't be lucky," replied Bob, philosophically.

"Boys are lucky in being boys," said Dora. "I wish I was one."

"I don't. I'd rather have you as you are," said Bob, promptly.

"Why?"

"Because I would."

Suddenly Dora declared she heard a noise in the next room.

"That must be Mr. Sackman," she said. "Come, Lily. Good-by!" to the boys, and both made a break for the door and disappeared.

"They're beauts, aren't they?" remarked Joe. "I like Miss Page the best."

Bob was glad his taste lay in that direction as he wanted Dora all to himself.

"Yes. They're mighty pretty girls. Miss Dora especially."

"Now, I think Miss——" began Vincent, but that was as far as he got, for the door opened and the girls came back.

"What's the matter?" asked Bob. "Dropped anything in here?"

"No. Mr. Sackman hasn't come, for the door is still locked. Now, isn't that funny, for I was sure I heard some one walking around in there," said Dora.

"Have you a cat in there?" grinned Bob.

"No, of course not," replied Dora. "They don't allow animals in these office buildings."

"I didn't know but you might have smuggled one in," chuckled Bob.

"We've got the dearest, chubbiest, handsomest little——" began Lily, when they were startled by a sudden racket in the next room.

There couldn't be any mistake this time—it was too loud, and just as if two persons were fighting.

"My gracious!" exclaimed Dora. "What's that?"

"There seems to be something doing in there, all right," said Joe.

"Well, if there's any one in there I'll soon find out," said Bob, resolutely. "Here, Joe, give a back so I can get up and take a squint through the transom."

His chum bent down, Bob mounted on his back and was about to look into the next room when—smash! A shower of gold pieces crashed through the glass, followed by the thud of a black satchel against the fractured pane. Bob started back, aghast. The girls screamed, and the cashier, leaving his desk in the counting-room, rushed into the waiting-room to find out the cause of the disturbance.

CHAPTER II.—An Exciting Chase and Its Results.

"My goodness!" exclaimed Mr. Brooks, the cashier. "What does this mean?"

He gazed alternately at Bob, perched on Vincent's back, and at the money, lying scattered about on the floor near the ticker, in a stupefied kind of way. No one answered him, for Bob was trying to look into the next room, and Joe and the girls had no idea what the matter was. Both finally got a line on to what was transpiring in the next room. A good-sized man, with jet-black mustache and snappy black eyes, had Lawrence Sackman bent over the back of a low desk and

was evidently trying to choke him into insensibility.

"Here, you rascal!" roared Bob. "Stop that!"

The man who was assaulting Sackman paused, glared up at the boy's face, at the broken pane, and then resumed his attack on the hapless man, who seemed to be quite at his mercy. Bob turned around and addressed the cashier in a tone of great excitement.

"There's a well-dressed ruffian in there trying to do up Mr. Sackman by choking him. Have you a key to this door?"

"No," replied the cashier.

"Then we'll have to burst the door open if we expect to save Mr. Sackman," said the boy, leaning to the floor. "Run downstairs and tell the superintendent or the janitor, Joe, and don't lose a moment about it."

While Joe dashed out into the corridor to do his friend's bidding, Bob ran into the wash-room, where one of the assistants of the janitor had left a hatchet and a coldchisel he had been working with in there the day before. Seizing the implements, Bob returned to the door and inserting the heavy chisel into the crack of the door at the lock, he drove it in and then started to pry the lock open. He was a strong boy, and being bent on business, his efforts were soon successful, the lock snapping short off under the powerful leverage he applied to it. Pulling the door open, and grabbing up the hatchet to use as a weapon, he dashed into the room just in time to see the man with the black mustache vanishing through the corridor door, with a black satchel in his hand. Bob gave chase to him at once. The young messenger rushed into the corridor in time to see the fleeing rascal vanish in the direction of the stairs and elevators.

"Stop thief!" yelled Bob, as he flew after the fellow.

When Bob reached the stairway the fugitive was making for the final flight leading to the street. With a whoop, the boy straddled the baluster and shot down like a flash. Several people were coming in at the door.

"Stop him! Stop that man with the satchel!" roared Bob, jumping down the flight, three steps at a time.

The people below seemed either slow to comprehend, or did not care to interfere. At any rate, the man got by them and vanished outside, where he was pursued by the determined boy. An exciting spectacle was then presented to the hundreds of people on the sidewalk—a big man, with a black valise in his hand, flying from a fleet-footed, bareheaded lad, armed with a hatchet and shouting: "Stop thief!"

A Wall Street detective awoke to the situation and jumped in to head the fugitive off. The rascal, however, after dodging him once, turned suddenly and smashed him in the face with the satchel, stretching him, half-stunned, in the middle of the street and almost under the wheels of a slowly driven automobile. The fellow then turned into William Street, with Bob at his heels. Perceiving that his pursuer was sure to overtake him, he ran into the entrance of an office building and dashed up the stairs. Bob followed, full tilt, gaining the first landing so close behind the man that the latter, brought to bay, had to turn and defend himself.

"Surrender!" cried the boy, brandishing the hatchet.

The rascal laughed sardonically and swung the satchel at him, sweeping the weapon out of his grasp and sending it clattering, two yards away, on the floor. But Bob was not to be shaken off. He sprang upon the fellow, like a catamount, grasping him around the chest with a hug like that of a bear. Failing to release the boy's grip, he began to punch him in the head with both fists, whereupon Bob retaliated by kicking him in the shins and butting him with his forehead.

Suddenly Bob released his hold about his chest, slid downward, caught him by the legs and fairly overturned the fellow on the floor, where he struck his head with a whack against the board running along the foot of the wall. Bob now had every advantage of the situation, and he took full benefit of it, leaping astride of the fellow, who lay slightly stunned and bewildered on the floor. Just then the detective appeared on the scene and ran to the boy's aid. He didn't consider it necessary to ask what the man had done before he deftly slipped a pair of handcuffs on his writ. Then Bob dismounted and grabbed the black satchel.

"He assaulted and nearly killed Mr. Lawrence Sackman, whose office adjoins ours in the Terrace Building," explained the messenger to the detective. "And I dare say this valise belongs to Mr. Sackman. I believe it contains considerable gold coin. At any rate, it feels as if it did, and I've already had some evidence that a lot of gold pieces came out of it. You'd better fetch this fellow back to Mr. Sackman's office. I'll carry the valise."

The detective yanked the man on his feet, and ordered him to come along, which order the man obeyed, seeing that he couldn't very well help himself. Bob recovered the hatchet and followed behind them. There was a crowd gathered about the door, and this mob, increasing in size, followed them back to the Terrace Building, where they took the elevator to the third floor. Bob led the way to Mr. Sackman's office, the door of which was open and blocked by a small mob of curious people, who had been attracted there by the report of foul play, and the excitement arising out of Bob's chase of the fugitive. They pushed their way through the spectators into the room, which was already pretty well crowded with brokers and clerks, whose offices were on that floor. Mr. Sackman had been brought to his senses and was seated at his desk, surrounded by the inner fringe of the crowd.

"Make way there, gentlemen," said the detective, pushing his prisoner before him. "Fall back, please."

The appearance of the detective, with the handcuffed dark-featured man only served to increase the excitement, and after the two men, with Bob at their heels, passed through to the desk, the people packed closer up than before. Joe was standing close to the desk.

"Are you Mr. Sackman?" asked the detective to the owner of that name.

"I am. Ah, you have the man who assaulted me. How did you catch him?"

"This boy," indicating Bob, "captured him. I arrived just in time to put the bracelets on him."

"How did you manage it, young man?" asked

Mr. Sackman, recognizing his neighbor's messenger boy in Bob.

"Oh, I chased him till I overtook him. He couldn't get away from me to save his life."

"But my satchel! There's \$5,000 in gold coin in it. Did you——"

"Yes, sir. I got it away from him. Here it is," and Bob placed the black satchel on his desk, close to his elbow.

Mr. Sackman seized it, with a sigh of relief, lifted it, and then set it down again.

"I shan't forget what I owe you, my lad," he said, with a grateful expression.

"Well," interrupted the detective, impatiently, "I suppose you are ready to accompany me to the station to make the charge against this man?"

"Yes, I'll go with you. I wish you would clear my office first."

"Gentlemen," said the detective, in a loud tone, "please disperse."

Bob and Joe assisted in getting the crowd to leave the office. Mr. Sackman then opened his safe and placed the satchel, together with the gold pieces that Joe and the girls had picked up on the floor of Mr. Danforth's office and returned to him, into it. After relocking it, and giving some directions to the nervous Dora, he put on his hat and left the office, with the detective and his prisoner, while Bob remained to tell his story of the exciting chase he had to the girls. Mr. Danforth, who had come to his office immediately after Bob's hurried exit after the rascal, the cashier and Joe.

CHAPTER III.—Bob's First Speculation.

"Mr. Sackman wishes to see you, Bob," said Cashier Brooks, an hour later, when the boy returned from his first errand of the morning. "You'd better go in and see him now."

"All right, sir," replied the boy, and he immediately walked into the office next door.

"I believe you want to see me, Mr. Sackman," said Bob, when he saw that gentleman seated at his desk.

"Yes. Sit down. I wish to thank you for what you did for me this morning. Your prompt interference saved me the sum of \$5,000, for it is probable that if that rascal had got clean off I never would have recovered the money. I got that gold from the sub-treasury yesterday for a special purpose and placed it in charge of my safe deposit people over night. On my way to the office I got the satchel, and had only entered my room here when that man came in, locked the door and attacked me, knocking me momentarily unconscious. He took the keys from my pocket, opened the bag and was examining the contents when I recovered my senses. As soon as he saw I was coming to, he grabbed me and dragged me to the wash-room, where he choked me till he thought I was insensible. He then returned to my private room, where I followed in time to prevent him from escaping with the satchel. During the struggle I got it away from him and flung it against the glass window of the transom looking into your waiting-room in order to attract attention. What followed, I can scarcely recall, owing to the brutal manner in

which the rascal treated me. He would have made his escape but for your plucky conduct, and I feel that you are entitled to some substantial recognition for your services. Therefore, I take great pleasure in presenting you with my check for \$500."

"This is a lot of money, Mr. Sackman, to give me for so small a service," Bob said. "I really didn't look for anything, for I thought it my duty to try and catch that rascal and recover what I supposed was your property. I am very much obliged to you for treating me in such a liberal way. If I can be of any further service to you at any time I hope you will call on me, for I feel as if I have not earned such a valuable present."

"Not earned it? Why, of course you have. Don't you see that if that man had escaped scot free the \$5,000 would have been in all likelihood lost to me forever? You are easily entitled to ten per cent. of it, and I should feel that I hadn't treated you right if I gave you any less."

Bob thanked him again, and in a few minutes returned to his own office, feeling like a small capitalist. Mr. Sackman called for him at half-past one to take him up to the Tombs Police Court, where they both had to appear at the examination of the man with the black mustache. When the rascal was haled before the magistrate he gave his name as Dunstan Leach, but refused to say where he lived. The evidence was sufficient to hold him for the action of the grand jury. The magistrate fixed his bail at \$3,000, whereupon a big politician, who was in court, qualified in real estate for that amount, and Leach was liberated for the time being. Mr. Sackman and Bob returned to Wall Street. At half-past three Bob met Joe. Both lads were through work for the day.

"By the way, Joe, what about that tip you were telling me about?"

"You said it was no use to you."

"I know I did; but Mr. Sackman gave me a present for saving his \$5,000, and that alters my financial condition."

"How much did he give you? A hundred dollars?"

"Five hundred."

"Whew! That's a small fortune. Do you want to put some of it up on that tip?"

"I thought I would, as you say it's a sure winner."

"You can take my word that's it's all of that. Well, the stock is M. & C. It have bought 10 shares on margin. It's going at 45."

"Then, I'm game for 100 shares. That will cost me \$450. The other fifty I'll take home to my mother."

"Well, you've got just about time to go to the bank on Nassau Street, where I made my deal this morning, before the brokerage department closes. Come on."

Bob and his friend started for the bank at once. There was nobody in the waiting-room when they reached the bank.

"That's the margin-clerk's window yonder," said Joe. "Step right up and tell him what you want to do."

Bob presented himself at the window.

"Well," said the clerk, "what can I do for you?"

"I want to buy 100 shares of M. & C. stock. It closed at 45," replied Bob.

"It will cost you \$450 on the usual margin. Did you bring the money?"

"Yes," replied the young messenger, who had already cashed Mr. Sackman's check.

He counted out \$50 from the roll, put it in his pocket and handed the balance to the clerk.

"Who do you represent, young man?" asked the clerk.

"Myself."

"What's your name, and where do you work?"

Bob told him. The clerk made a note of both, then counted the money, and finding it all right he filled in a memorandum of the transaction and handed it to Bob. Then the boys left the bank and started for their homes.

Bob now had a personal interest in the ticker and began to consult it.

M. & C. took a sudden rise two days later and at the end of a week it was up to 67, at which point Bob sold out, clearing \$2,800, while Joe made \$280. Bob gave his mother \$250 for herself and Elsie. The \$2,500 he stowed away in the office safe for future tips.

CHAPTER IV.—Bob Takes a Trip Down Long Island and Meets With a Surprise.

Mr. Lawrence Sackman was a real estate lawyer, whose principal business consisted of the management of large estates, and the care of property left in his hands either for sale or to be looked after while the owner and his family were away on extended pleasure trips. One day he sent his office-boy in to Mr. Danforth's office to tell Bob Evans that he wished to see him, so the young messenger went in to see what he wanted.

"To-morrow being the 30th of May, you will have a holiday," said Mr. Sackman.

"That's right," replied Bob, wondering what the lawyer was getting at.

"Would you like to earn a \$10 bill and do me a favor at the same time?"

"I'm ready to do you a favor, whether there's a \$10 bill in it or not," replied Bob, promptly.

"Thank you, Bob. I appreciate your willingness to be of service to me. The \$10 bill in this case will not come out of my pocket. I want to take you with me down to Baypoint, Long Island, where I have charge of a country place belonging to a client of mine. He and his family are, and have been for some months, on an extended tour of Europe. I have a man and wife, very worthy people, as caretakers on the property, but I make it a practice of going down there about once a month to go over the house and place to see that everything is all right. My clerk, who always accompanies me on these jaunts, is ill and cannot go, so I thought, if you didn't mind sacrificing, in a measure, your holiday, I'd rather take you with me than a comparative stranger. We shall stay over night and return on Friday morning. You had better tell Mr. Danforth that you may be an hour late in reaching the office, and ask his permission to avail yourself of my offer."

"I'll do that," replied Bob.

"Meet me at my house, there's the address, not later than eight o'clock in the morning, as I want to take the 9:10 train for Sayville."

"All right, sir. I'll be on hand."

Ten minutes before eight on the following morning Bob rang the bell at Mr. Sackman's residence in Madison Avenue, and was admitted by a neatly dressed maid.

"I see you're on time, my boy," said Mr. Sackman.

In a few minutes they left the house, walked to the Thirty-fourth Street ferry and crossed the river to the Long Island Railroad depot, where they boarded the train that was to take them to Sayville. In due time they reached that town where a carriage was in waiting, to carry them to their destination. A tall, ornamental iron gate, flanked by a small cottage, where the caretaker lived, admitted them to a fine, wide driveway, bordered by shade-trees, that led to the mansion, built upon an elevated section of the ground, commanding an unobstructed view of Great South Bay. An excellent lunch awaited them, to which both did justice, and then Mr. Sackman proceeded to business. He made a tour of the house with Bob, who carried a schedule of the contents of the mansion, and checked off each item as the lawyer called it off. There was a large safe in the library. This was opened and inspected by Mr. Sackman, who found, as he expected, that everything was exactly as it had been at his last visit. When they were done with the house, they went over the grounds to see that the man in charge had neglected nothing within his line of duty. There was a small, private wharf on the property, with a boathouse, and the last thing Mr. Sackman did was to look into this house to see that the sailboat was all right, and everything in its place, as it ought to be.

"Is that a windmill yonder, Mr. Sackman?" asked Bob, as they were leaving the boathouse.

He pointed off down along the shore.

"It's the remains of one," replied the lawyer. "A relict of pre-Revolutionary days, when quite a number of Dutchmen lived in this part of the island."

"How old do you suppose it is?"

"All of a hundred and fifty years."

"I think I should like to go and look it over. It doesn't appear to be more than a mile away."

"Well, you have plenty of time to do that if you wish to. Tea won't be ready for a couple of hours. You ought to be able to go there and back and see all you want to see in that time."

"It won't take me so long as that."

"You'll probably find me sitting on the piazza when you return," said the lawyer, as Bob started off in the direction of the ancient windmill.

He followed the shore of the bay until, when within a short distance of his destination, he found his way blocked by the mouth of a small creek, which he could not cross without a boat. After following the stream for perhaps a quarter of a mile it swung around toward the shore, with a broad sweep, and then, to his great satisfaction, he discovered that the windmill, after all, was on the same side of the creek that he was.

"I never would have thought that from down yonder," he mused, as he kept on.

All was lonesome and silent about the old mill, which was a wooden structure of two stories, and a kind of loft covered with a peaked roof, the whole, including the four ponderous, naked wings, that once drove the machinery within, in an ex-

cellent state of preservation. The doorway stood wide open, and Bob walked inside and looked around, with boyish curiosity. The place was quite bare—nothing to see but the four walls, the flooring and a stairway at one end, leading to an opening in the ceiling. Of course, Bob determined to see what was upstairs, and he was soon standing on the second floor, which was equally bare as the ground floor. There was another opening in the ceiling of that floor, communicating with the loft, but as there was no means of reaching it, Bob could not pursue his investigations any further in that direction.

"It isn't so much, after all, but, judging from the number of initials cut around in the woodwork, a good many sightseers come here. I'll just add my own 'B. E.' to the bunch, and then I'll get back to the Harper place."

Bob got his knife out and carved his two initials on a bare place.

"That shows I've been here, at any rate," he said.

Then he returned to the ground floor. Throwing one last glance around the place, he saw what he hadn't noticed during his first survey—the outline of a door, with a keyhole, but no knob. He took out his knife, and inserting the big blade in the crack near the keyhole, found no difficulty in prying it open. A large and dusty closet stood revealed, with a window in it, thickly covered by cobwebs. In the floor was a trap door, which worked on hinges, and there was a ring at one end by which it could be raised. What immediately struck Bob as peculiar was that while the floor all around was thickly covered with dust, which looked as if it had been trampled over, the trap itself was almost clear of the same. He had no trouble in lifting the trap, and found a rude stairway below, leading down into Stygian darkness. He went down a few steps and then flashed a match around. By the light he could make out a cellar, which extended under the whole of the mill. A portion of the cellar was choked up with debris, and there were several boxes of different sizes scattered around, on the biggest one of which stood a lantern with a bit of candle in it. On another box was a small oil-stove, and an oil-can on the ground beside it. There were many other signs also showing that the place was, or had been recently, occupied by a brace of lodgers—possibly tramps. Bob took the liberty of lighting the lantern, as furnishing a better illumination than a match, and with that in hand he made a complete survey of the cellar. In the rear of the place he found a shovel standing against the wall, and evidences nearby that the earth had been lately disturbed.

"Somebody has been digging here, that's plain to be seen," he said to himself. "What could they have been digging here for, or perhaps they buried something? Well, it's none of my business. Besides, I haven't time to investigate further."

He blew out the light, replaced the lantern on the box, just as he had found it, remounted the steps, shut down the trap, and pushed open the closet door. As he stepped out into the room, a man confronted him—a man who, to his great surprise, he instantly recognized. It was Dunstan Leach, the rascal who had assaulted and

robbed Mr. Sackman some weeks since in his Wall Street office, and was now out on bail pending his trial for the crime.

CHAPTER V.—In Which Bob Finds Himself Up Against It.

The recognition was mutual, and Leach started back, with a smothered imprecation.

"Why, you young monkey——" he began, raising his fist, and then he stopped. "What brings you down to this neighborhood?" he went on, in a compressed voice.

"This is a free country, I guess," replied Bob, coolly; "and I have a right to be here as anywhere else."

"You're a Wall Street messenger boy. I want to know what brought you down to this part of Long Island?"

"I don't recognize your right to inquire into my affairs," retorted Bob, coldly.

Leach uttered an angry snort and looked as if nothing would suit him better than to strike the boy to the floor. If he had any such intention he managed to curb it.

"Why are you spying around this mill?" he asked, in an ugly voice. "You didn't come here for nothing, I'll bet."

"That's true enough," replied Bob. "I came over here to look at this old mill."

"I suppose you expect me to believe that cock-and-bull story," sneered Leach.

"I'm not worrying myself about whether you believe it or not, as I guess my business is not yours."

"You're putting on a lot of airs for a chap of your size and years," snarled Leach. "I s'pose you think because you got the best of me in Wall Street that you can ride rough-shod over me down here. Well, you'll find that it won't work, see? I have got it in for you for butting into my business and squeezing me that morning, and I make it a point always to pay my debts. Such smart alecks as you require a taking down once in awhile to teach them to mind their own business and not other people's."

"I don't want anything to do with you, Dunstan Leach," said Bob, starting to move away.

"Well, I want something to do with you. Now that you've put yourself in a position where I can square the score between us, I'm going to do it," said Leach, putting out his hand and detaining him.

"I'd advise you to let me alone," replied Bob, drawing back aggressively.

"I suppose you think I can't master you, eh?" said Leach, advancing on him in a threatening way.

"If you do it will be after a fight," replied the boy, resolutely.

"I don't think you'll get the chance to put up much of a fight," replied Leach, springing at him.

Bob jumped aside and tried to make a dash for the door. Leach was too quick for him, and the two closed in a struggle for the mastery. While they were struggling to and fro across the floor, trying to throw each other, another man appeared at the doorway. He was a stocky,

tough-looking chap, whose pock-marked features were partially covered with a two weeks' growth of stubby beard. A shabby hat sat upon a closely cropped bullet head, supported by a thick, bull neck, springing from a pair of broad shoulders. He was evidently surprised at what he saw, but did not lose much time in coming to the assistance of Leach, which showed that the two were associates. Of course, as soon as he laid hands on Bob, the lucky boy had no further show in the scrap.

"Hold on to him, Stidger, till I can get something to tie him with," said Leach.

"What do you want to tie him for? What's he been doin'?" asked the other.

"This is the boy that did me up in Wall Street. I would have got clean off with Sackman's \$5,000 in gold only for him."

"You don't say so! So this is the boy, eh?" said Stidger, regarding Bob with no little curiosity. "He's a spunky-looking rooster. What's he doin' here in the mill? He belongs in New York, doesn't he?"

"He's spying around the place."

"What were you doin' in that place, you young monkey?" grated Stidger, swinging Bob around.

"What's that your business?" replied the boy. "You don't own this mill."

"Look here, I'll twist your neck for you if you talk to me in that way. Were you down in the cellar?"

"Yes, I was down in the cellar. What of it?"

Bob's nerve and coolness seemed to stagger the bull-neck rascal.

"What did you see there?" snarled Stidger.

"What do you suppose a person could see in a dark hole like that?"

Stidger appeared to be relieved somewhat by the boy's non-committal reply.

"There ain't nothin' to be seen," he said.

"Then what are you kicking about?" asked Bob. You two seem to be making a big rumpus over nothing. I came over to this old mill just to look at it, because I heard it was more than a hundred years old. It's deserted, so anybody has a right to go over it from roof to cellar if he wants to. That's what I've been doing, and I didn't figure on any one stopping me, as there's no signs posted up, warning people away. So now you know why I'm here, though I don't know that it's any business of yours, one way or the other. Now I want you to take your hands off me and let me go, or you'll find yourself in trouble."

"What trouble will we find ourselves in?" sneered Leach.

"Mr. Sackman knows I came over to this mill, and if I don't return in a reasonable time, he'll be over here looking for me."

"Mr. Sackman, eh? What's he doing down in this part of the country?"

"You'd better go over to Mr. Harper's and ask him," retorted Bob, in a sarcastic tone. "You'll find him on the piazza if you go right away."

Leach and Stidger exchanged glances, and seemed interested in Bob's words.

"Did you come down here from New York with Sackman?" asked Leach.

"I did."

"What brought Sackman to the Harper place? The house is shut up," said Leach, in evident surprise.

"What business is that of yours? You seem uncommonly interested in the movements of Mr. Sackman and myself," said Bob, beginning to suspect that there was something at the bottom of Leach's persistent attempts to discover the reason for the presence of himself and the lawyer in that neighborhood.

Dunstan Leach glared at the boy.

"I'll fix you all right in about a minute," he said, vindictively, making a move toward the closet door.

At that moment Bob became conscious that Stidger's grip on his arms had relaxed, and taking instant advantage of the circumstance, he broke away and made a dash for the door. The bull-necked rascal was after him in a moment, but Bob was fleet of foot and soon distanced him. Stidger, after following the boy for a quarter of a mile, gave up the chase and returned to the mill, while Bob kept on toward the Harper property, and inside of fifteen minutes rejoined Mr. Sackman on the piazza of the house.

"What's the matter, Bob?" asked the lawyer. "You look overheated, as if you'd been running."

"You'd never guess, so I'll tell you. I met with quite an adventure over at that old mill."

"Indeed?"

"You'd never dream who I ran across there."

"Somebody you know?"

"Somebody that we both know rather too well, I guess."

"You excite my curiosity. Who was it?"

"The rascal who assaulted you in your office and ran off with your satchel containing the \$5,000 in gold—Dunstan Leach."

"You don't mean it!" exclaimed Mr. Sackman, in a tone of astonishment.

"I do mean it," answered Bob, who then told the lawyer all the particulars of his meeting with Leach and his tough companion.

"So that rascal and another chap are making the cellar of the old mill their headquarters, eh?" said Mr. Sackman.

"It looks like it," replied Bob.

"Maybe Leach is planning to jump his bail on the case we have against him when he's called for trial. The grand jury will reach the case in a few days, and after hearing our testimony is bound to return an indictment."

At that moment they were called to tea and both adjourned to the dining-room. Next morning they started for Sayville to catch the early train for New York. Mr. Sackman took the trouble to look up the head constable of the village, but found that that official had gone to Riverhead, where the county jail was. He failed to locate one of the other constables before train-time, so he had to give the matter up for the present.

"I'll send a letter containing all the particulars to the head constable as soon as I reach my office. That will answer as well," he remarked to Bob.

A few hours later both were back in Wall Street, attending to business. Mr. Sackman, however, forgot to write the letter in question.

CHAPTER VI.—In Which Bob Spoils a Crooked Game And Is Suitably Rewarded.

Next morning Bob ran into Mr. Sackman's office for a few minutes, to see Dora.

"How did you enjoy your short trip to Long Island?" asked the stenographer, with a smile.

"Fine," replied Bob. "I earned \$10 by helping Mr. Sackman with his examination of Mr. Harper's property."

"But you missed that baseball game at the Polo Grands you and your friend were going to," she laughed.

"I'm willing to miss any ball game for \$10. Business before pleasure is my motto always. How did you put in the day?"

"Lily and I took a trolley ride up to Mamaroneck," she answered. "It's a trip we've been looking forward to for some time."

"Have a good time?"

"Splendid."

"The next time you girls went to take such a ride, let Joe and me take you, will you?" asked Bob, eagerly.

"You are very kind to suggest it," replied Dora, flashing one of her fetching, sidelong glances at the young messenger.

"Say, do you object to taking such a ride next Sunday?"

"If Lily will go I might agree to it."

She immediately put it up to her friend across the room, telling her that Joe would be pleased to death to accompany her. The proposition put both girls in a flutter, but neither could be induced to give a decided answer then.

"I'll let you know by Saturday," said Dora, and Bob had to be contented with that.

That afternoon Mr. Danforth sent Bob with a message to a wholesale jewelry establishment on Maiden Lane. When Bob reached the store the man he had to see was engaged with a lady in swell attire to whom he was showing a tray of diamonds. She seemed hard to please, and Bob sat on a stool nearby to await his turn. The lady was such an attractive woman that his eyes wandered frequently toward her, and he noticed that during the critical examination of the gems she was handling that on one occasion she distracted the clerk's attention for a moment and then put her hand under the outside molding of the counter, where she let it remain a moment.

He thought nothing of the circumstance, and after a time the lady decided that none of the diamonds pleased her and started to leave the store. The sharp-eyed salesman immediately noticed that one of the most valuable diamonds was missing from the tray. His suspicions were immediately aroused, and he called the lady back, making a quick signal to one of the other employes, who went and stood in the doorway. Bob stepped to the counter as the lady returned in a haughty way.

"Madam," said the salesman, politely but firmly, "haven't you made a mistake?"

"A mistake, sir! What do you mean?" she demanded, with a flash in her eye.

"Haven't you accidentally retained one of those diamonds I was just showing you?"

"Sir! Do you mean to insult me?"

"Not at all, madam," replied the gentleman.

who happened to be the junior partner of the firm, and whose specialty was unset diamonds. "But one of the stones—the one, I may say, that I observed attracted your eye more than any of the others, is missing."

"Do you dare infer that I have stolen your diamond?" she demanded, indignantly.

"I am sorry, madam, but I am afraid the diamond is in your possession, and unless you give it up it will be necessary to search you."

Bob stood by, astonished at the proceedings. He was satisfied in his own mind that the handsomely attired lady was innocent of the serious charge. The lady made a big kick against the threatened indignity, but the salesman was inexorable. Suddenly turning to Bob, she said:

"Young man, you were present while I was standing here, and I call on you as a witness that this man has grossly insulted me. I want your name and address. Will you oblige me with it?"

"Certainly, ma'am," replied Bob.

He took out one of Mr. Danforth's cards and, writing his name on it, handed it to her.

"Thank you. You shall be rewarded. Now, sir, you may search me if you choose."

The head of the house was now on the scene, and the junior partner, after an explanation of the circumstances, turned the lady over to him. He invited her into his private office, and sent for his stenographer, who was educated in the role that was sometimes required of her.

Bob now handed his note to the diamond salesman. The gentleman read it and told him to wait till he went upstairs to the workroom. While he was waiting, the lady re-entered the store from the office, with a triumphant smile on her face, and passed out of the store, with great dignity, entering a carriage in waiting at the curb and was driven off. Bob heard one of the clerks remark to another that he guessed the firm would be up against a suit for damages.

At that moment a stylishly dressed young man entered the store and went directly to the same place on the long counter lately occupied by the lady. A clerk hastened to wait on him, and he asked to see some diamond rings. While the clerk was opening the glass case to get a tray of them, Bob saw the man put his hand under the moulding of the counter, just as the lady did, and ran it along several inches. Then his fingers seemed to close over something, and he casually put his hand in the pocket of his sack coat and withdrew his handkerchief.

Like a flash it struck Bob that he saw through the whole game what had been played under his eyes. Some months before he had read in a paper of a woman in Chicago who had brought suit against a diamond merchant for being accused of stealing a valuable gem that was not found on her person when she was searched. She got a verdict for several thousand dollars. A shrewd detective, however, was put on the case and the diamond was subsequently found in her possession. It developed that the woman, on entering the store, had attached a wad of gum to the molding of the counter, into which she had covertly managed to convey the diamond in question.

After her departure a man confederate had entered, and while being waited on had detached the gum, put it in his pocket and departed, with-

out making any purchase. Bob was so excited at the discovery that he had made that he couldn't await the return of the junior partner, but asked to see the head of the house. He hastened into the private office and laid his suspicions before the gentleman, who acted at once. The dapper young man was asked to walk into the private room. He took alarm at such an unusual request, and started to leave the store, but was headed off by Bob and another clerk. The young messenger, in the proprietor's presence, put his hand into the man's pocket and pulled out a thick wad of gum. The diamond was found sticking in the gum.

A policeman was sent for and the swell crook given in charge. Bob was highly complimented for his instrumentality in recovering the gem, which was worth \$6,000, and was rewarded with a check for \$500.

CHAPTER VII.—A Hero In Spite Of Himself.

Of course, the incident got into the newspapers, and Bob was made out to be a bright and observing young chap, with the instincts of a born detective. Many of the brokers who knew him well clapped him on the back when they met him on the street and told him that they thought he must have missed his true calling in life. Mr. Danforth complimented him, and laughingly remarked that his visit to Maiden Lane had turned out to be the most profitable errand he had ever executed in his life.

"Yes, sir, I guess it was," chuckled Bob. "I wish you had a few more of that kind to send me on. When it comes to making money, I'm on the job."

"Well, here, take this note down to Broker Smith in the Mills Building. Maybe you'll be able to pick up a tip, or a pocketbook, or a lost bank-book, or something of that kind before you get back," laughed the broker.

Bob sprang into the elevator, and was presently on the street. Down Broad Street he hustled till he reached the Mills Building, where he took an elevator for the fourth floor. Broker Smith was engaged and Bob had to sit down and wait till he was disengaged, which was not long, and then he delivered his note.

"No answer," said the trader, and Bob left the office to return.

When opposite the Stock Exchange he ran into Joe, bound on an errand to Exchange Place.

"Well, old man, you haven't done anything startling since I saw you last, have you?" he asked, with a chuckle.

"If you don't quit your kidding me, Joe, I'll put it all over you," replied Bob.

"Yes, you will! Why, you wouldn't hit me for a farm."

"Don't you be sure of that. Once on a time there was a fellow just like you who took advantage of——"

That is as far as Bob got, for a great uproar at the head of Nassau Street attracted not only his attention, and Joe's, but every one else in the immediate neighborhood.

"What's up now?" asked Joe, in some excitement.

"A runaway, I'll bet," replied Bob. "See the people scattering."

There was no doubt what it was a moment later, for a wild-eyed horse, attached to a light buggy, shot out from Nassau Street at break-neck speed and darted into Broad Street. As it came around the corner an electric-light post not only relieved it of the buggy, the front wheel of which caught and stuck fast, but also scraped every bit of the harness from its back. More badly frightened than ever, the animal kept on its wild career, unchecked.

Without thinking of the danger, Bob dashed into the street and began waving his arms at the animal. It paid no more attention to him than if he hadn't been there. Then a sudden plan occurred to the boy, who seemed to be at home in anything in the gymnastic line. Why he took the desperate risk that he did he never could afterward explain.

The plan simply flashed through his brain on the spur of the moment, and he put it into practice without a moment's thought. He had noticed that the horse was heading straight for the big mass of excited curb brokers, and if it struck them somebody was bound to be done up. He got ready to try to get on its back. A crouch, a leap, and in another moment, amid a buzz of astonishment and admiration from hundreds of mouths, Bob caught its flying mane and alighted on the runaway's back.

Gripping the animal with his left leg, Bob grasped the mane with his left hand, swung out to one side and forward, and seized the horse by the nostrils, with the other hand. The moment the animal's breath was stopped it was obliged to slow down. A tremendous shout of alarm went up from the mass of brokers at that moment. They heaved and fought wildly to escape the danger they saw bearing down on them, but they had taken the alarm too late to have escaped the disaster but for Bob's magnificent feat.

One would have thought a fire or a riot was in progress from the way everybody in the neighborhood was running down Broad Street after the flying horse. In a moment boy and horse were surrounded by a seething crowd that spread out from curb to curb.

Cheer after cheer went up when it was seen that nobody had been injured, not even the horse. A score of hands were extended to grasp Bob's hand and shake it. Everybody in that mob was just wild to testify their appreciation. And amid it all Bob sat upright and smiled at the enthusiastic furore he was the recipient of. He couldn't get away from it even if he had wanted to. Practically, it was the proudest moment in his life. He was a real hero, and that is what all boys hanker after. A policeman finally rescued Bob, with a good deal of difficulty, from his prominent position, and took charge of the horse. He had already been recognized by several brokers, who passed his name around, until it flew from mouth to mouth, and several persons had called for cheers for Bob Evans.

Bob had to fight his way out of the surging crowd, but he did not accomplish it before the curb brokers, wide awake now to his heroism, clustered about him, raised him on their shoulders, formed a procession, and with him at the head of the line paraded that special block in Broad Street, amid the greatest enthusiasm.

Bob was a long time getting back to his office

that afternoon, and before he finally did show up, with his pockets filled with a miscellaneous assortment of bills contributed by the grateful curb brokers, the news was known to Mr. Danforth, who was fairly dumfounded with astonishment at what his messenger boy had done. All the clerks in the office were talking about the incident, as reported by eye-witnesses who came into the office. Joe himself had seen the whole thing, of course, and forgot all about the errand he was bound on. He hung around, watching the crowd, and the subsequent procession of the curb brokers, bearing Bob aloft like a conquering hero. The brokers themselves would have given anything to have had a hand to head that march. However, they furnished the best music they could, in a vocal way. At last Joe hurriedly performed his errand and then rushed back to the office to carry the news in to the girls, who were startled to a pitch of excitement over his graphic description of what had happened and was still happening in Broad Street. Well, it was all over at last, and Bob was permitted to escape.

He just kited back to the office, avoiding every one along the road as if they were afflicted with a pestilence. He reported to Mr. Danforth, and what that gentleman said made him blush all over again. He nearly had a scrap with Joe later on, because his chum tried to tell him what a hero he had made of himself.

Next morning every paper had a big account of the incident, and all day long he had to run a gantlet of well-meaning brokers, many of whom he had never met before in his life. The glory he got out of that affair was enough to last an average person all his life, and his mother and sister were so proud of him that he had to call a halt to their enthusiasm on the subject.

CHAPTER VIII.—The Doing Up of Dunstan Leach and Bill Stidger.

On Monday morning, as Bob was riding down to his business, his eye came across a story in the paper that riveted his attention. It was headed: "Mysterious Robbery at Oakdale, Long Island."

Then it went on to state that Major Stagg's home had been invaded by thieves, who carried off a box of bonds, and several thousand dollars' of silverware and jewelry. There was no clue to the perpetrators of the crime, which had occurred during the small hours of Saturday night.

The story set Bob to thinking pretty hard, and his thoughts were connected in a strong way with Dunstan Leach and his bull-necked comrade, who looked to him like a jail-bird, if he had ever seen one in print.

"A dollar to a doughnut that they're at the bottom of this," muttered Bob to himself. "Mr. Sackman will say the same, too."

As soon as the lawyer came down to his office, Bob went in to see him on the subject. He agreed with Bob that Leach and Stidger were easily open to suspicion. While they were talking a telegraph messenger came in and handed Mr. Sackman a dispatch. When he tore it open and glanced over the few words it contained he jumped nearly two feet off his chair.

"Mr. Harper's place was looted last night," he said, excitedly, to Bob.

"What! You don't mean it!" exclaimed the astonished boy.

"That's what the dispatch says. It's from the caretaker. I must take the first train down there. I'd like you to come. Do you think Mr. Danforth can spare you?"

"I'll ask him, if you say so," said Bob.

"Do so," said the lawyer. "Has he come down yet?"

"He hadn't arrived when I left the office to come in here."

"Well, run in and see if he's there now."

Mr. Danforth had just come and was rather surprised at Bob's request. He went in and saw the lawyer. When he returned he told Bob he could go for the day. Bob so reported to Mr. Sackman, and the two soon after left Wall Street for the Long Island depot in Brooklyn. In due time they reached Sayville, where a conveyance was waiting to take them over to the Harper property. They found the head constable of the village awaiting them. He had already been over the house, taking note of the means the thieves had adopted to enter the house. The lawyer, accompanied by Bob, with the property schedule, went over the place and a careful estimate of the loss was footed up. It amounted to several thousand dollars, at a conservative figure. The lawyer had a consultation with the constable, and it was decided to go over to the old mill and see what they could discover. Bob, of course, went along to pilot the way to the cellar. At the door of the mill they were surprised to see Dunstan Leach and Bill Stidger seated in the shade of the building, contentedly smoking a pipe each. That gave the constable the immediate impression that those rascals could hardly be the guilty parties.

Mr. Sackman and Bob, however, thought differently. They simply regarded it as a piece of colossal nerve on the part of Leach and his associate. At any rate, they proposed to call what they believed to be a bluff and see what came of it. Leach and Stidger appeared to be surprised when the party halted before them.

"You seem to be strangers around here," said the constable. "Where are you putting up?"

"You mean where do we lodge?" asked Leach, innocently. "Me and my friend here, being in temporary hard luck, are lodging at present in the cellar of this mill. Any harm in that?"

"If you have no visible means of support I shall have to arrest you both under the vagrant act."

"We're not vagrants, for we have some money," replied Leach, displaying several bills.

"Since you appear to have money, why are you living like tramps?" asked the constable, suspiciously.

"I thought this was a free country," replied Leach. "If we choose to save our money, instead of handing it over to some greedy farmer, haven't we a right to do it?"

"What object have you in remaining in this part of the country?" continued the constable, sharply.

"We're just passing the summer—taking an outing, as it were, for our health."

"Well, you'll have to accompany me before the

justice. Your presence in this old mill is suspicious, if nothing else. You can explain your case to him. If he's willing to let you stay here, well and good; but I don't believe he'll stand for it."

"It's mighty hard that the liberty of a free and enlightened American citizen should be interfered with by a country justice," replied Leach, in an injured tone, making no effort to rise.

"I'm not going to argue the matter with you, my man. Just get up, both of you, and come along with me."

Leach and Stidger rose, with evident reluctance.

"Do you expect us to walk all the way to Sayville?" asked the chief rascal.

"No. I've a wagon about half a mile from here," replied the constable.

"All right. Lead on, we will follow."

"No, you won't. You will proceed first, where I can keep my eye on you."

"Are you going to treat us like criminals?" demanded Leach, in a tone of assumed indignation.

"I am going to treat you as I think you deserve," replied the officer. "Are you coming, Mr. Sackman?"

"We shall remain here a little while, and will meet you later at the house," replied the lawyer.

Leach flashed a keen glance at Mr. Sackman, whispered something to Stidger, and then started off with the constable.

"Now, you and I will take a look at the cellar and see what we can find down there," said the lawyer to Bob, as soon as they were alone.

"Very well, sir," answered the young messenger, leading the way into the mill and toward the door, without a handle, in the wall.

His knife pried it open, as before, then he pointed out the trap-door. Lifting that by the ring, the stairs were before them, and down they proceeded to the floor beyond. Bob struck a match and they both looked around. The place was not materially changed since Bob was there before. The lantern stood on the same box, and Bob lighted the candle in it. A careful search of the place revealed no traces of any concealed swag. The shovel was not where Bob saw it before, and the spot where the earth had appeared to be disturbed was now hidden under a pile of rubbish.

"Well," remarked the lawyer, "if those rascals are really the thieves who robbed the Stagg and Harper houses, they've hidden their plunder quite successfully."

"I'll bet it's here, somewhere. I'm certain they are the guilty ones," said Bob.

"Oh, you are certain, are you?" said a voice behind them.

Bob and the lawyer started and turned about, only to receive a heavy blow alongside their heads that stretched them both, half stunned, on the ground. When they recovered from the shock they found their hands and feet bound and their eyes bandaged.

"This is what you git for buttin' in where it ain't none of your business," said a voice that Bob recognized as Bill Stidger's, and he wondered how the rascals had got away from the constable.

Neither of the prisoners opened his mouth in

reply, and presently they felt themselves lifted and propped against the stone wall of the cellar. There they were left, and the two men were soon afterward heard talking at a distance.

"Are you there, Mr. Sackman?" asked Bob, in a low tone.

"Yes, Bob. We seem to be in a bad fix."

"You are tied and blindfolded, too, I s'pose?"

"I am."

"Those rascals seem to be digging at the further end of the cellar. Don't you hear a shovel?"

"Quite distinctly, Bob."

"I'll bet they're unearthing their plunder for the purpose of removing it."

"I dare say they are. I can't imagine how they got away from the constable."

"They must have jumped on him unawares and done him up."

"I'm afraid they did. It was a risky thing for them to attempt in open daylight."

"They knew what they had to expect if they were landed before a justice."

"They may leave us here in the cellar, helpless, after they take their stolen stuff away," said the lawyer, "and then what will become of us?"

"I expect that is what they mean to do. They wouldn't dare release us."

While they were talking, Bob was busy with his bonds, and by great good fortune succeeded in working one of his hands loose. To draw out the other was easy, and then he cautiously lifted the bandage that was about his eyes so he could see with one eye. He said nothing as yet about his good luck to the lawyer, but bided his time.

Stidger at the moment was carrying a small mahogany box up the cellar steps. He disappeared, and then Bob heard his footsteps on the floor above. While he was away, Leach began to dig in a new spot, after clearing away some of the rubbish. When Stidger returned, he picked up a bag of something heavy, which Leach lifted from the fresh hole and carried that out of the cellar also. Leach then cleared more rubbish away and commenced digging again. The work went on until half a dozen more sacks were removed from the cellar, Leach accompanying his companion in the last trip above. Bob then thought it time to act. He got out his knife, cut his feet loose, and then surprised Mr. Sackman by freeing him.

"Quick, now," said Bob. "Grab that billet of wood and I'll take this one. They have left the trap open, so we may expect them to come back. We'll hide under the stairs, and when they come down we must let them have it good and hard. You attend to Stidger and I'll tackle Leach. We must knock them out at the first blow, if we can."

They had hardly secreted themselves before back came the rascals. As they reached the foot of the stairs, Bob and the lawyer sprang out upon them, and before either was aware of what was going to happen, they were laid out, stunned and bleeding, on the earth. Bob lost no time in getting the ropes which had been used to bind their own limbs, and he and the lawyer used them on the two rascals.

Leaving them where they lay, both ran upstairs to the ground floor of the mill. Going outside, they were surprised to find the constable's

light wagon standing before the door. Evidently Leach and Stidger had got rid of the officer and run off with his rig. Apparently, all their plunder was piled in the wagon. It was clear that they had intended to take it away with them to some other place, if not to New York.

"Since we have this wagon at our disposal," said Bob, "we might as well load Leach and Stidger on it, too, and carry the outfit to Sayville. The police will insist on holding the stolen property as evidence until after the fellows are tried."

Mr. Sackman agreed to Bob's suggestion, and they carried the prisoners out of the cellar, one at a time. Then they started for the village. The head constable was found lying tied in a lonely part of the road, and Bob speedily released him. He explained that he had been suddenly attacked and overcome by the rascals. He took charge of the wagon, the plunder and the prisoners. It took about an hour to reach the lock-up in the village, and the prisoners were handcuffed and placed in a cell. An inventory was taken of the stolen property, and then Major Stagg and Mr. Sackman were each allowed to take his share away. The lawyer gave Bob full credit for the capture of the thieves and the recovery of the stolen property, and Major Stagg expressed his gratitude by a \$1,000 check, payable to Bob's order, which Mr. Sackman afterward supplemented with another for \$500. The lawyer and Bob returned to New York by a late train.

CHAPTER IX.—Bob Gets Hold of a Tip and Is on the Job with Both Feet

The Long Island correspondents of the big metropolitan dailies sent in the story of the two robberies along the South Shore, the capture of the thieves and recovery of the stolen property by Bob Evans, with such assistance as Mr. Sackman was able to render, and the particulars were duly published next morning. Joe Vincent read the article in his favorite journal as he rode downtown to business, and was duly astonished to learn of the part his chum had played in the matter.

"My gracious!" he exclaimed. "Bob is having all sorts of stirring adventures, it seems to me. He ought to be the hero of a story-book. I wonder why something doesn't happen to me? Now, if I only could rescue Lily Page from under the wheels of an automobile, or pull her from a house afire, or do anything else that would make me solid with her for good, I'd be right in it. I'd get into the papers, too, and everybody would say I was a brave fellow. I wonder how it feels to see yourself in print, and know that a million or more people are thinking about you? But I suppose no such luck is reserved for me. Some people never get into the limelight if they live to be a hundred."

Dora White also read the story of Bob's plucky experience, and showed the article to Lily on the train, for they were accustomed to come downtown together.

"Isn't he smart?" exclaimed Lily, admiringly.

Dora didn't reply, but she thought a lot, just

the same. Joe was waiting out in the corridor to see Bob, when the latter appeared.

"Say, you're all to the mustard, old man!" cried Vincent, as soon as he saw his friend. "Everything seems to come your way."

"So you've been reading about me in the paper, have you?" replied Bob, with a laugh.

"Sure I have. There's two-thirds of a column about your adventure in my paper. You're getting to be the whole thing."

"I can't help that, Joe. I didn't hunt for all that trouble. I was forced into it. If those chaps had left us alone there might have been a different story to tell. By trapping us they only laid a worse trap for themselves. I'll bet they are kicking themselves for monkeying with us at all. However, they only got what was coming to them. Dunstan Leach will have to stay in jail now, I guess. He is a pretty hard case, and his friend Stidger isn't any better."

When Mr. Danforth came down he called Bob into his private room and had the boy tell him the story from beginning to end.

"You're a clever lad, Bob," was his final comment. "So you got a reward of \$1,000 from Major Stagg?"

"Yes, sir. Here's the check. Will you cash it for me?"

"Certainly. I suppose you'll get something more from Harper by and by?"

"Mr. Sackman, who has charge of the place, promised me \$500."

"You'll be well off for a messenger boy."

Mr. Danworth would have been surprised if he had known that his young employee was worth a matter of \$2,500, independent of the recent rewards, the greater part of which he had made out of his deal in M. & C. shares. Bob, however, didn't think it necessary to tell him about that.

That afternoon Mr. Sackman handed Bob his check for the promised \$500.

"I seem to be making money these days, all right," said Bob that night to his mother and sister at the supper-table. "As soon as you've spent that \$300 I gave you the other day, mother let me know and I'll give you some more."

"My!" exclaimed Elsie. "You talk as if you were worth a barrel of money."

"I hope to be worth that much one of these days. At present \$5,000 is the extent of my wad."

"Five thousand dollars! Why, that's a small fortune, especially to us who have had such a hard time to get along since father died. I think you ought to let mother take care of it for you, and then you won't lose it."

"I suppose that is what I ought to do; but if I should catch on to another good thing in the market I'd like to be able to make another haul better than the last, for I only had \$500 to work with then, now I've ten times that amount, which would mean ten times the profit."

"And ten times the loss, too, if you happened to lose. I don't like the idea of you investing your money in Wall Street. I think you were remarkably fortunate to win before. Next time you might lose all you put up, and that would be too dreadful for anything."

"Let me do the worrying, sis. It's my money."

Luck they say runs in streaks. If you hit one, or it hits you, you are apt to be fortunate for some time on a stretch. Everything seems to come your way without any special exertion on your part. That is what people call a run of luck. It looked as if Bob Evans had got into one of those streaks from the morning that the black satchel had smashed the transom window and bathed him in a shower of gold coin, significant of what was to follow, for next afternoon he accidentally overheard two brokers talking about a syndicate that had just been formed to corner M. & S. shares.

Now, Bob had heard brokers talking many and many times before—perhaps a hundred times—and yet never had their talk conveyed the slightest hint of a pointer before. Yes, luck was certainly tagging after the young messenger, and Bob, you may well believe, was the boy to take advantage of that fact. Without any more delay than he could help, he looked up M. & S. and found that it was going at 49. When next he went to the Exchange he found the trader who had been mentioned as the man who was doing the buying for the syndicate, bidding for the stock, and taking all that was offered at the market price.

That was enough for Bob. When he returned to the office he asked for half an hour's leave of absence, and getting it, rushed around to the bank in Nassau Street and bought 1,000 shares of M. & S., at 49 1-8, and it took about all his money to cover the margin. Evidently, Bob was a plunger. At any rate, he had the courage of his convictions. He was fully convinced that M. & S. was slated for a boom, and was willing to back that belief with his last coin. After all it is the courageous person who usually succeeds in his ventures. The waverer chap lets the good chances pass by because he's afraid to take the risk. When there was money to be made Bob was on the job. Later on, when he met Joe, he passed the tip on to him.

"Buy M. & S. and help cut the watermelon with me," he said to him.

"How much did you buy?" asked Joe.

"One thousand shares."

Joe nearly dropped.

"One thousand shares! And you paid how much for it?"

"Forty-nine and one-eighth."

"Then you've put in every cent of your \$5,000?"

"That's what I did," replied Bob, coolly, as though such a sum was a mere bagatelle to him instead of being all he had.

"Say, Bob, you're a corker!" cried Joe, admiringly. "Why, I'd no more take the risk you have than I'd go to the roof of our office building and jump off. Five thousand would satisfy me for the rest of my life."

"You only think it would. If those shares only go up a couple of points and I sold out at that I'd make nearly \$2,000 in a lump. Now I believe as earnestly as I believe anything that the stock will go up over ten points. I shall be greatly disappointed if I don't clear \$10,000 this trip. That's what I call making money; and that's what I'm out for. I simply feel lucky these days. I believe if I backed any old long-shot at the races the nag would come in first under the string."

When you feel that way always get in on the ground floor while the streak lasts. Time enough to quit when things begin to turn. It is simply making hay while the sun shines. Now, take my advice and go the whole hog on M. & S. You won't lose."

Joe was carried away by some of Bob's enthusiasm, and he lost no time in buying as many shares of the stock as he could put up the margin for, and that was 40 shares. It cost him 49 1-2.

Three days later the price had advanced, by fractions, to 51.

"I believe you'll be a millionaire yet, Bob," said Joe, when they came together that day.

"I shan't kick if I do become one," replied Bob.

"I should say not. I wish I was as lucky as you."

On the following day some news, whether true or not, leaked out about M. & S. and the stock advanced to 57 before the Exchange closed. The efforts of brokers who wanted to buy the shares developed the fact that the stock was scarce, and word being circulated that a big trader had bought a block of 5,000 shares at one point above the market caused a big rush to buy next morning, so that by noon M. & S. was quoted at 62.

At two o'clock it had reached 65, and it finally closed at 68.

"Shall we sell?" asked Joe, excitedly, when he met Bob at half-past three.

"I am going to leave my order at the bank to sell at 70," said Bob.

"Then I'm in on that. I've been on pins and needles all afternoon lest the price go to pieces at any moment. I'll bet there'll be a crash in a day or two at the outside. I never knew a stock boomed on a mystery that didn't go to pieces sooner or later. I'll be glad when I'm out of it."

The boys left their order for the bank to close them out at 70, though Joe, if he hadn't been ashamed to do so before Bob, would have told the clerk to sell his forty shares first thing in the morning at the market. M. & S. opened at 68 5-8, and reached 70 before ten, when, of course, the boys' holdings were disposed of by the bank's representative at the Exchange. The stock went to 75 that day, and after that it suddenly fell back to 69, where it remained for a while, and then declined, by degrees, to 60. Its subsequent fate had no special interest for either Bob or Joe. They were in high feather over their winnings—Bob's being about \$20,500, and Joe's, \$825.

On the strength of it, the former presented Dora with a five-pound box of the best candy, which cost him a \$5 bill, while Joe did the same with respect to Lily Page. Bob didn't forget his mother and sister by any means. He gave the former \$500 and the latter \$100.

His mother and sister were overwhelmed by his good fortune. They simply couldn't understand how he had made so much money.

"Never mind how I made it, good folks," he chuckled. "Call it the market if you want to. I was just put wise to a rise, and there you are. Go and hunt up a nice little home in the Bronx, mother, and I'll pay for it for you. Then the landlord will be out of it as far as we are concerned. Now, do it right away, before I'm tempted into another deal that might not turn out so lucky."

Mrs. Evans took the hint and acted on it, and within thirty days Bob had to go down into his pocket and cough up \$5,000. But he did it with a great deal of pleasure, for his mother was more to him than anything else in the world, and his sister came next, when he wasn't thinking of Dora White, who occupied a good share of his thoughts.

CHAPTER X.—Bob Sent to Southampton, Picks Up a Pointer On the Way.

Bob went into Mr. Sackman's outer-office now more frequently than ever, and Joe invented all kinds of excuses to run in there also. Sometimes the boys met there. At any rate, the girls were always on the lookout for one or both of them, either at noon, when they were eating their lunch, or after the boys were through work for the day.

Of course, Bob always hugged Dora's desk, while Joe found his attraction on the other side of the room. During the summer they took the girls to different seaside resorts not far from the city, every Saturday afternoon and spent money on them without stint. In their estimation there was nothing too good for Dora and Lily, and the girls were satisfied that Bob and Joe were the princes of good fellows. One morning, Bob, after boarding a subway express and setting down in a corner to read the newspaper, was treated to a surprise.

Almost the first thing that attracted his attention was a good-sized paragraph, which stated that Dunstan Leach and Bill Stidger had broken out of the Riverhead jail and were now at large.

"Gee! I'm sorry to learn that," said Bob to himself. "They're liable to get clean off, go West, maybe, and so escape punishment for their crimes."

He showed the story to Joe, later on, and the boys wondered how the rascals had managed to escape.

"Some of those country lock-ups are little better than straw houses to clever crooks," said Joe. "They ought to keep such slippery chaps always handcuffed."

Bob went into Sackman's office to tell him the news, but the lawyer had seen the statement in the paper.

"Too bad," he said. "They should have been more watchful. However, the damage is done, and there isn't any use crying over spilt milk."

After that Bob watched the paper closely for some notice indicating that the escaped prisoners had been recaptured, but nothing of the kind appeared. He was at length forced to believe that Leach and Stidger were not likely to be retaken.

August came around, and Dora and Lily got their two weeks' vacation together, Mr. Sackman shutting up the office and going down to Shelter Island, where his family were settled in a cottage since the last of June. Bob and Joe felt decidedly lonesome without their charmers. The girls had gone to Port Jefferson, on the north shore of Long Island, where Dora had an aunt, whose husband worked in one of the shipyards.

On Wednesday morning of the first week the boys each received a daintily written note from his particular divinity, telling him what a fine

time they were having, but how much nicer it would be if Bob and Joe were there, too.

"Maybe you and Mr. Vincent could get off next Saturday, take the eight o'clock train down and stay over till Sunday night, at any rate," wrote Dora to Bob. "We'd just give anything to have you come. Now do try."

Bob showed the paragraph to his chum.

"Lily wrote me the same thing," said Joe, eagerly. "She said Dora's aunt would be very glad to have us come, and there's plenty of room in the house to accommodate us."

"Let's go, Joe," said Bob. "I can get off all right, can you?"

"I guess I can manage it. I'll ask the boss before he leaves town this afternoon."

The boys got the required permission, and each wrote his girl word that he would be down on the eight o'clock train on the following Saturday.

"We'll be right in it, Joe," chuckled Bob. "Port Jefferson, they say, is a dandy summer roosting spot, in a quiet way."

"We can go out boating on the bay there. You know the ropes, and I can give you a hand, after a fashion."

"Yes, we can do a whole lot of things between Saturday noon and Sunday night."

Business was rather dull in the Street that month, for half the brokers were away from town a week or more at a time, and the rest went and came to their business, night and morning, many of the fashionable watering places being within easy reach of Wall Street. Mr. Danforth was in off and on to see that nothing in the money line got away from him, the rest of the time he spent at Southampton, Long Island, where he owned a cottage. This summer colony was the most select and exclusive on the island. Thursday afternoon Mr. Danforth left the office at two o'clock, bound for the Long Island depot in Brooklyn. He was in such a hurry to catch his train that he forgot an important paper that he meant to take with him. He didn't notice the omission till he reached the depot, then he called up the office on a wire. The cashier answered the call, and was directed to send Bob with the paper by a later train to Southampton. Mr. Brooks called Bob to his desk, told him what was wanted of him and handed him the document and a \$10 bill to cover his expenses.

"There's a time-table on Mr. Danforth's desk," he said. "Go in and see when the next train for Southampton leaves Brooklyn."

Bob found that it left at 6.50 p. m.

"You have lots of them, then. Send a message to your home, telling your mother that you'll be away all right. You can get your supper at a Brooklyn restaurant before you board the train. You'll find the hotels crowded at Southampton, but I guess you'll be able to get a room somewhere if Mr. Danforth doesn't lodge you at his cottage. He has several guests there now, I believe."

At seven o'clock the south-shore train, bound for Sag Harbor, via Babylon, Eastport and Southampton, was speeding through the suburbs of Brooklyn Borough, with Bob Evans on board. The train was crowded, and Bob, who had given up a good seat to a couple of ladies, had found

another in the smoking-car. Darkness fell after a while, and then Bob, not being able to see anything through the window, amused himself watching the gentlemen in his car. Two men that the boy judged to be brokers, from some words they let drop, were talking together in a low, earnest tone. Bob paid little attention to them. In the course of half an hour they vacated the seat and went back into one of the other cars. Bob decided to take their seat, as the one he occupied was not comfortable, somehow, and it bothered him. When he made the change he noticed a piece of paper lying on the cushion. Mechanically he picked it up and opened it. There were a few words scrawled in pencil across the inner side. This is the way it read:

"Huxley will begin buying to-morrow on the floor, as we have picked up all we can get on the quiet. The price will probably go up from the start, as I don't believe there is much available in the open. Smith & Jessup have a block of 3,000 that we may get to-morrow if S. comes to town. Send me your check for balance due. Within a week we'll divide a fat melon. It will be a surprise to the boys.

"D. S. P."

"By gracious! This is a pointer for fair," exclaimed Bob, wide awake to the value indicated by the paper. "Now if I only knew the name of the stock. I must go to the Exchange in the morning, after I get back, and watch Mr. Huxley. It is fortunate that I know the gentleman well by sight. Whatever stock he is bidding for exclusively will be the keynote to the situation."

Bob put the paper in his pocket and began to dream of another coup in which he hoped to double his \$20,000, now stowed away in a safe-deposit box. It was late when Bob got off the train at the Southampton station, but as he knew he was expected, that fact did not worry him.

He did not know where Mr. Danforth's cottage was situated, but guessed he would have no trouble finding it, by making inquiries. He was saved this bother, however, by a colored man, who stepped up to him and asked if his name was Bob Evans.

"That's my name," replied the young messenger.

"Come with me, then. I'll take you right over to Mr. Danforth's."

He led the way to a light trap drawn up near the platform, told Bob to jump in, then followed himself, took up the reins and they were presently dashing along a well-graded roadway. Mr. Danforth was seated on his veranda in company with two gentlemen. He thanked Bob for bringing him the paper, asked him if he had had his dinner, and then told him that as the hotels were all crowded he could provide him with a small room in the carriage-house for the night.

Next morning Bob had breakfast by himself in time to catch the train that stopped at Southampton at 8.35. He reached Wall Street about noon, with his mind full of the pointer he had picked up the night before. He got permission to be out an hour, hurried to the Exchange and singled out Broker Huxley at the D. & P. stand, bidding every once in a while for that stock.

Satisfied that D. & P. was the stock to be boomed, Bob went to the bank and ordered 3,000 shares of it to be bought for his account at the market price, which was 61. He told the clerk that Smith & Jessup had that amount on hand, if they hadn't disposed of it, and said the bank's broker had better see Mr. Smith. It happened that Broker Smith came on the floor just as the bank's representative received the order to buy, and he button-holed the trader at once. Smith, however, said he wanted 63 for the block, and the broker got the refusal of it for half an hour till he consulted with the bank.

A messenger was sent over with a note to Bob asking for instructions. Bob returned word that he'd give 63 if he couldn't get it for less, so the broker closed with Smith at his price, and the bank notified Bob to put up the balance of the margin, which he did. The stock closed at 62 5-8 that day. Bob told Joe about the transaction, and he gave an order to the bank to buy as many shares as they could get for him for \$1,000. Next morning they both left their homes bright and early to catch the train for Port Jefferson.

CHAPTER XI.—An Unexpected Encounter.

The girls were at the station to meet Bob and Joe when the train rolled into the terminal of the Port Jefferson branch. And perhaps the boys were not glad to see them, looking sweet and lovely in their dainty summer attire, and perhaps Dora and Lily hadn't spent half the morning in their room getting themselves up regardless on purpose to catch the eyes of their young admirers. Pairing off, the four started through the village toward the home of Dora's aunt, where lunch was already under way in anticipation of their visit. The main portion of the village is in a valley, and is a curious and odd town. The boys would, no doubt, have found it very interesting if they had had eyes for anything beside their fair companions, which they hadn't.

"We're awfully glad to see you," said Dora, gushingly. "Lily kept me awake half the night talking about what a good time we were going to have while you were here. Aren't you glad you came?" with one of her sidelong glances that always did Bob up.

"Glad? Don't mention it. We're tickled to death," replied Bob. "At least I'll guarantee that I am. We've been homesick since you two have been away."

"Really? You don't mean that, I am sure," laughed Dora.

"Yes, I do. You don't know how much I have missed you."

Dora blushed and looked quite happy.

"I suppose you didn't miss us much," continued Bob, "for there must be a lot of fellows down here who would be delighted with your company."

"Yes; there are quite a number, but we haven't made their acquaintance."

"I am glad of that, for we shall have you all to ourselves while we're here."

"Perhaps so much of our society will bore you before to-morrow night," she answered, coquettishly.

"Don't you believe it, Miss Dora. I'd like to enjoy your society indefinitely."

Dora blushed more vividly than before, for Bob spoke pretty earnestly.

"Just look at the bay from here. Isn't it just too lovely for anything in the sunshine," she said, seizing the pretext for hiding her confusion.

"Yes, it is quite lovely," replied Bob, barely glancing at the harbor, "but it isn't half as lovely as you look to-day."

Dora gave a little gasp and looked down at the ground, while her face grew as red as her parasol, which she held between the sun and their faces. As she made no reply to his remark, Bob wondered whether he hadn't been just a little too rapid. He glanced behind and saw Joe making things interesting for Lily. They seemed to be getting on famously together.

"I haven't said anything you don't like, have I?" asked Bob, with some concern.

"Oh, no!" Dora hastened to answer. "Why should you think that?"

"Because you became so silent all at once. I wouldn't want to say anything to offend you for the world. I could not help saying that you look lovely, because you do, and I always speak the truth. Aren't you going to say something?" he asked, after a pause.

"Haven't we better wait for Lily and your friend to come up?"

"Certainly, if you wish to, but, for myself, I like the present arrangement better."

She flashed a sly glance into his face and kept on.

"There's my aunt's house, yonder. Isn't it a pretty place?"

"It is that. I think I'd like to live in such a place as this, provided——"

Bob thought he'd better not finish the sentence, so he stopped.

"Well, why don't you go on?" she asked, looking at him.

"No, I guess I won't say what I was going to say."

"Why not?"

"Oh, because you might take exception to it, as I think you did with some previous remarks of mine."

"Why, I haven't found any fault with anything you've said."

"I thought from your manner maybe you were just a little bit displeased because I said what I thought, so I guess I'd better not stay anything I think or you might regret having invited me down here."

"I am sure I never will regret that," she replied, softly.

"I should hope not, for it would break me all up if you did."

"Then tell me what you were going to say."

"Do you really want me to?"

"Yes, of course."

"Well, then, what I was going to say was that I should like to live in such a pretty place as this provided you lived here with me."

Dora didn't look as if she was displeased, in fact, her feelings were quite the reverse; but her cheeks flushed a tint akin to a full-blown red rose, and Bob thought she never looked prettier than she did at that moment. But they were close to the cottage now, and waited for Lily and Joe, who had lagged some distance behind.

to come up. All four then passed into the house together, under a trellis that the vines of a honeysuckle had mounted.

The boys were introduced by Dora to her aunt, who was a comely little woman of perhaps forty. She welcomed them in a hospitable way that made them feel at home, and after a short talk they adjourned to the dining-room for lunch. At the windows of the room, which overlooked the harbor, stood rows of geraniums in luxuriant bloom, gay as a very ruddy sunset, while the garden beyond was full of all kinds of flower-bearing bushes. Bob thought that he and Dora could be very happy in such a home, provided, of course, that she was of the same mind.

After lunch they visited the shipyard, where Dora's uncle was employed, and the boys were introduced to him. He appeared to be very glad to make their acquaintance, and showed them over the yard, where the frames of several small vessels were in various stages of construction.

From the shipyard they walked around the water front and finally Bob proposed that they take a sail on the bay. The girls agreed, as soon as Bob assured them that he knew how to handle a boat. Accordingly, a trim-built catboat was hired for the afternoon and they put off in her. There was just weight enough in the breeze to heel the boat slightly to the leeward, sending her rushing through the sparkling water like a thing of life. Bob headed out of the harbor into Huntington Bay, and then laid the course for the Sound, a few miles distant.

"I do love the water," exclaimed Dora, who sat beside Bob, of course, at the helm.

"So do I," answered Lily, who, with Joe, sat on the port side of the cockpit.

"Shall we go as far as the Sound?" asked Bob. "We can go ashore at the bluffs and take a short walk, and then return the way we came."

That programme was satisfactory to all on board, and so the boat kept straight on down the bay, passing many other small craft with summer visitors in gay attire. In the course of an hour they drew near the entrance to the Sound, and then Bob headed the boat into a small cove at the foot of the low cliffs. The sail was lowered, the painter made fast around a tree, and the whole party disembarked for a stroll. They made their way to the top of the cliffs by a devious track and then walked along up there through a thin stretch of woods.

Although Bob and Dora walked at a slow pace, Joe and Lily managed to fall further and further behind until, when the first two emerged from the wood and drew near to the edge of the cliffs overlooking the Sound, where a path led down to the shore, they were out of sight.

"Isn't the view just lovely from here?" said Dora, as they gazed out over the rippling waters of the Sound.

"Fine," answered Bob. "Shall we go down to the shore?"

"Wait till Lily and her escort comes up, otherwise they won't know where we've gone."

"They'll be able to see us down there if they use their eyes. Come on."

Dora allowed herself to be persuaded, for anything that Bob proposed was satisfactory to her. So down they went, Bob, as an excuse lest she miss her step, passing her arm about her waist, which slight familiarity on his part she did not

object to, but perhaps liked. They slowly descended the rocks, treading the path that had probably been made a very long time since by the old settlers when they were lords of all they surveyed on the island. The bare face of the cliffs rose higher and higher above them the nearer they drew to the shore, and the only sign of life they could see were two or three gulls wheeling about in the air.

Suddenly, as they turned the corner of a ledge, where the path diverged abruptly, they were confronted by a gaunt, almost fierce-looking man, who rose from a rock on which he had been sitting. As Dora drew back and instinctively clung to her companion, the man uttered a snort of surprise. Then it was that Bob recognized the stranger. It was Bill Stidger.

CHAPTER XII.—In a Desperate Pickle and Out.

"So it's you, is it?" said Bob, coldly. "Hiding among the rocks here. Well, the Port Jefferson constables will have to nose you out of here. You'll look better behind the bars than at large, for there's no telling what mischief you may do if you have your own way. I guess we'll go back, Dora."

Stidger uttered an imprecation, and his countenance grew livid with rage. Springing forward, he seized Bob by the arm.

"So you'd put the constables on us, would you, you little monkey?" he glared.

"Us!" exclaimed Bob, snatching his arm away. "Oh, then Dunstan Leach is with you, is he? I thought that he had skipped out on his own hook. Both of you will soon be back in jail, where you belong."

"You'll never send us back, young feller," roared Stidger. "It's over the cliffs for you, since you've butted in again where you were not wanted."

Once more he grabbed Bob, and this time he meant to hold on. Dora screamed as she saw the burly rascal try to force Bob over the edge of the path.

"Run to the top of the cliff, Dora," cried Bob, "and send Joe down."

Instead of obeying, the girl, with a pluck that gave her credit, stopped and picked up a jagged piece of rock at her feet. Watching her chance, she threw it at the rascal's head. It struck him over the ear, inflicting a nasty wound, from which the blood flowed freely.

"You little vixen!" roared Stidger, furiously "You shall pay for that!"

Rage added strength to his arms and he fairly lifted Bob off his feet. In another moment the boy would have been pitched into the Sound, but that with great dexterity he seized the man around the neck and prevented him from carrying out his purpose. Dora, who forgot her own danger in her anxiety to save her escort, hunted around for another stone to follow up her first attack on the ruffian. Stidger, seeing that matters were looking warm for him, called out to Leach, who was not in sight, twisted his sinewy arms about Bob and succeeded in tripping him up.

They fell heavily on the path, Stidger on top. By this time Dora had found a second stone,

and it would have gone hard with the rascal for the girl was nerved up to a point that made her extremely dangerous to him, when Dunston Leach suddenly appeared on the scene. Perceiving the state of affairs, he sprang forward and seized Dora's arm just as she was in the act of smashing Stidger's skull with the stone.

"No, you don't, young lady," he cried, shaking the missile from her hand. "What's the trouble, Bill?"

"Take a look and you'll see who I've got here."

Leach clapped one of his hands over Dora's mouth as she started to scream, and then, looking down, recognized Bob Evans. Surprise and anger brought an oath to his lips.

"Bring him down to the cave, Stidger. We've got a bone to pick with the young rooster."

Catching the struggling Dora in his arms he disappeared around the ledge, and his companion followed, with Bob in his iron grasp. In a few moments the rascals, with their prisoners, reached a secluded sandy cave, hidden from the summit of the cliff, where stood a small, disreputable-looking hut just out of sight of the Sound. They carried the girl and boy into the hut, and after Leach had bound a handkerchief across Dora's mouth, and tied her hands behind her back, he assisted his associate in securing Bob so that further resistance on his part was useless.

"Now, Bob Evans, you won't get away like you did before," scowled Dunstan Leach. "We've got you now where we want you. There's a long score against you, and it's about time it was wiped out. You spoiled all our plans, scooped us and our swag in, and now you've got to pay the piper."

"What are we goin' to do with him, now we have him dead to rights?" asked Bill Stidger, impatiently.

"Come outside and we'll talk it over," replied Leach, leading the way.

"You'll have to decide on something, quick," said Stidger, "because this chap has a companion named Joe somewhere up on the cliff, and he may have heard the girl scream when I first tackled our prisoner, and take it into his head to come down here and investigate."

"If he comes here we'll take care of him," replied Leach.

Then the two men passed out of the young people's hearing.

"Dora," said Bob, "have they tied your hands tight? Don't you think you might be able to work them loose?"

He did not look for a reply from her, as he knew she could not answer on account of the gag; but he threw out the hint to her while he tried to do something with his own bonds. Dora lost no time in following his suggestion, and as Leach hadn't tied her as tight as he might have done, thinking that being a girl she would make little effort to release her hands, and also because he did not expect to leave either of the prisoners long from under the watchful eye of himself or his companion, she presently succeeded in freeing herself. Then she snatched the handkerchief away from her mouth.

"Oh, Bob, what shall we do?" she said, with frightened eyes.

"Look out cautiously from the door and see where those men are," said Bob.

"They're seated on a rock, near the water."

"Can they see the door of the hut from where they are?"

"Yes, easily."

"Now, Dora, put your hand in my right-hand pocket, get out my knife and cut me loose," he said.

"She followed directions, and inside of a minute Bob was free."

"I guess I'll give those scamps a surprise when they come back," he said, picking up a piece of hard wood that would answer very well for a cudgel, and approaching the open doorway, from which he peered at the two men seated on the stone, where they were deciding upon some safe plan for getting square with the boy.

Dora, determining to aid Bob to the extent of her power, grabbed a similar piece of wood, and both waited close to the entrance of the hut for Leach and Stidger to return, as they couldn't leave the place without attracting the men's attention. In a few minutes the rascals got up and came toward the hut.

"I'll take the first one as he comes in, and you do your best to hit the other. Don't be afraid to strike out as hard as you can," said Bob, nerving himself for the ordeal on which their escape depended.

Stidger was in advance with Leach close behind. Bob held the club suspended, ready to bring it down on Bill's head. If he got the blow in squarely he felt sure that Stidger would be badly stunned. Just as the rascals reached the doorway of the hut and were about to enter, Joe Vincent's voice was heard in the near distance calling loudly for Bob. The men stopped, turned around and looked.

"That chap will be down here in a moment," said Leach. "We must head him off."

The words were hardly out of his mouth when Bob, seeing Stidger standing within easy reach, and off his guard, stepped forward and struck him a terrific whack over the head. The ruffian went down on the ground as if shot and lay there motionless. The startled Leach turned around to find himself face to face with Bob, not only free of his bonds but with a weapon in his hands and blood in his eyes.

"Throw up your hands, Leach," said the boy, in a resolute tone, "or I'll treat you to a dose of the same medicine I handed to your friend Bill."

Dora now sprang forward, with her uplifted club, and things certainly looked squally for the rascal. He was not a coward, however, and knowing that certain imprisonment awaited him if he yielded, he sprang at Bob, with a snarl of anger. Bob struck out quickly, but Leach warded it off at the cost of a bruised arm, and then closed with his opponent. The boy staggered back against the hut and could no longer use the club, for Leach had his arms pinned to his side. What would have been the result had he and Bob been alone, is problematical; but Dora proved herself the deciding factor in the case.

She had no mercy on Leach when she struck at him, and the result was he saw more stars at that moment than ever before in his life. His grasp about Bob loosened and he fell, half-stunned, beside his comrade in guilt. Bob and Dora had won out.

CHAPTER XIII.—In Which D. & P. Turns Out a Winner for Bob and Joe.

"Hello-o-o, Bob!" came Joe's hail, from somewhere along the path.

"Run down to the foot of the slope and tell him to come this way," said Bob to his fair companion.

Dora obeyed, and when she caught sight of the path, there was Lily and Joe more than half-way down. She motioned to them to keep on, and waited till they reached the foot of the incline, when, telling Joe that Bob was waiting for him in the cove behind them, she took Lily by the arm and began telling the astonished girl the particulars of the adventures through which she and Bob had just passed. While the two girls were together, Joe ran up into the cove and was amazed at what he saw there.

"Why, Bob, what does all this mean?" he asked, stopping short in his surprise.

"I'll tell you all about it when we have secured these rascals so they can't get away. Keep your eyes on that fellow while I look into the hut for something to tie them with."

Bob was forced to tear a blanket into strips to get the material for binding the arms and legs of the men. When he had them in a helpless position he told Joe all that had happened.

"So these are the fellows who escaped from the Sayville jail?" said Joe.

"The very ones. Mr. Sackman and I thought they had skipped out West, but we were mistaken. They've been in hiding along the coast since they got out of jail, and they both look as if they'd been up against hard luck."

"I should think they do. What are you going to do with them? Leave them here and send the Port Jefferson constables after them?"

"No; I'm going to carry them to town in the sailboat."

"But it will be a big job carrying them up the cliff, one at a time, and over to where the boat lies," replied Joe, not relishing the job in prospect.

"I don't intend to carry them up the cliff."

"Then how are you going to get them to the boat?"

"By bringing the boat around here to them, see?"

Joe saw, of course, and thought it an excellent plan.

"I'll leave you to keep an eye on these chaps and look after the girls," said Bob. "It will take me from twenty minutes to half an hour."

Bob told Dora what he was going to do, and she agreed that it was the best thing he could do under the circumstances. So he left the cove for the other side of the cliff, and within half an hour Joe and the girls saw the boat coming toward them. Bob moored off the entrance to the cove, and then with his chum's help, carried the two prisoners aboard and stowed them in the little cabin, drawing the sliding door partly to.

"Now, girls," said Bob, "let me help you into the cockpit and then we'll start for town."

It was almost dark when they reached the wharf where they had hired the boat. Bob sent a loungee to the police station with a note, and in twenty minutes two constables drove down to the wharf in a wagon. The prisoners, who were

fully conscious now, were lifted in and taken to the jail, where they were locked up, pending their transference later on to Riverhead, the authorities of which town were at once communicated with on the subject.

Next morning, Bob and Joe escorted the girls to church and went walking with them in the afternoon. An early tea was prepared so that the young messengers could take the train that connected with the Greenport express for New York at Hicksville.

"We had a dandy time, didn't we, Joe?" said Bob, after they were comfortably seated in the car, en route for their homes.

"Bet your life we did," replied Joe, enthusiastically.

"You and Lily hitched wonderfully well. When is it to come off?" grinned Bob.

"When is what to come off?"

"You know what I mean," chuckled Bob.

"How can I tell unless you tell me?"

"Are you two engaged for better or worse?"

"What nonsense!" exclaimed his friend, his face growing as red as a beet.

"How red your face has got!" laughed Bob.

"You're off your block. It's you and Dora that's engaged, I guess."

"What makes you think we are?"

"Any fool could see that you two are dead stuck on each other."

"I won't deny that I think a whole lot of Dora, but we aren't engaged, just the same."

"You will be before long."

"It won't be my fault if we aren't," admitted Bob, frankly. "Now, own up that you think just as much of Lily."

"I won't say I don't."

"And she thinks you're the whole thing, too."

"I hope she does."

"I'll guarantee she does. We'll go down again next Saturday and bring the girls back with us."

"I'm with you, if I have to do it without the boss's leave," replied Joe.

Next morning they were back at their posts again in Wall Street, and the first thing either did was to see how D. & P. stood in the market. It had closed on Saturday at 63. It climbed up another point that day, and two more on Tuesday. Then the boom set in in earnest, and the Exchange was in an uproar on Wednesday.

Brokers hurried in from the nearby resorts as soon as they got wind how the cat was jumping, and the Street wore an unusually animated aspect for August. The traders perspired like bulls on a rampage as the excitement increased on Thursday, D. & P. mounting up to 80. At that point Bob thought the stock began to look top-heavy, and he advised Joe to sell out, as he was going to do the same himself. They realized 80 3-8 on their holdings, and then sat down together to count up their profits. According to their figuring, Bob had made \$51,000, and Joe, \$2,950. Their statements afterward verified the correctness of their computation. Bob was now worth altogether \$71,000 and Joe \$4,100.

CHAPTER XIV.—Bob Buys a "Gold Brick" Cheap.

Bob and Joe went down to Port Jefferson again on the following day, which was Saturday, had the time of their lives, and brought the girls

back to their homes on Sunday night, prepared to resume their regular duties at Mr. Sackman's office next morning.

A week later the boys got a week off themselves and went to the mountains, coming back as brown as berries. While they were away each received and sent a couple of letters to their best girls, and just what those missives contained neither would give away for a farm.

One morning, about a month later, shabby old man walked into Mr. Danforth's office and asked to see the broker.

"He's out—over at the Exchange," said Bob, who happened to be in.

The old man turned away, looking disappointed, and started for the door.

"Hold on," said Bob. "Don't you want to leave your name and the nature of your business with Mr. Danforth. If it's important, I can run over and tell him."

Most office boys wouldn't have taken all that trouble with a shabby old man, who didn't look as if he could have important business with anybody, but Bob made it a point to treat all callers alike, for experience had taught him that you can't size a person up by his personal appearance. At any rate, he was never rude toward a person who appeared to be down on his luck, for he respected their feelings. The old man stopped.

"My name is of no importance, for nobody down here knows me now. Once it was different—that was when I had money and good clothes. Now I'm a wreck. I've lost all I had in Wall Street, and the brokers who were glad to do business with me turn me away as they would a tramp. Well, I suppose I am a tramp. I have nothing left but a few thousand shares of mining stock, and nobody seems to want them. I have gone from office to office, trying to dispose of them, but no one will buy."

"They can't have any value, then," replied Bob. "Must be a wildcat, or merely prospects that haven't panned out. What's the name of the mine or mines?"

"It's the New Eldorado, of Paradise, Nevada. I've got a block of 10,000 shares, which cost me 10 cents a share. I bought the stock three years ago, thinking I had got hold of a good thing. The price was advanced by the company to 25 cents soon after, and was advertised as a bonanza that would soon take its place among the richest producers of the State. I was assured that it would some day rise to \$15 or more a share, and I indulged in dreams of wealth. But one day I heard that the mine was a failure, and then that it was abandoned. At any rate, it never was listed on any of the Western exchanges. Lately I read in the paper that a strike had been made on a new mine close by to the New Eldorado, and so I thought somebody might think it worth while to buy the shares on a chance that some day they might turn out to be worth something."

"Let's look at the stock, if you don't mind," said Bob.

The old man unwrapped the package and exposed a certificate filled out in the name of John Reid for 10,000 shares of New Eldorado Gold and Silver Mining Co. Bob had never heard of the mine, but, then, he was not familiar with mining stocks, anyway.

"So that cost you \$1,000?" he asked the old man.

"It did."

"And how much do you want for it?"

"I'd be glad to get half a cent a share—\$50. I need the money badly."

Bob believed him. He certainly looked as though even \$50 would be a god-send to him. The boy felt sorry for him. He took the certificate into the counting-room and showed it to the cashier.

"Ever hear of that mine, Mr. Brooks?" he asked him.

"I can't say that I have," was the reply. "It doesn't look familiar."

He took the market list of the Western mines, as listed on the Goldfield Exchange, out of his desk, and started to see if the mine was mentioned in the paper. It wasn't, however.

"I guess it's a wildcat," he said. "Who does this belong to?"

"An old gentleman out in the reception-room. He told me it cost him \$1,000 three years ago. He wants to sell it for \$50, for he needs the money."

"I think he's lucky if he get \$10 for it," said the cashier, returning the certificate to Bob.

The young messenger told the old gentleman what the cashier had said, and he looked very despondent.

"Well," he said, in a tone of resignation, "I suppose I'll have to go to the poorhouse. I am down to my last quarter, and don't know where I shall get another. When a man gets old, and hasn't any money, or a trade to fall back on, it is pretty hard for him to keep his head above the water. I've been a fool in my time, and now I am reaping the tares that I sowed."

He heaved a sigh and started toward the door.

"Hold on," said Bob. "I'll give you \$50 for that certificate if I don't make any better use out of it than to frame it. I think it's too long a shot to ever come under the wire a winner. Still, you never can tell what may happen. I'll take it at that figure just to help you out, not because I think there's anything in it, for if it was worth anything at all you'd have been able to sell it here in the Street for something before this."

The old man seemed surprised at his offer.

"You're but a boy," he said. "Can you afford to—"

"Don't you worry about that. Is it a bargain?"

"Yes," replied the old man, "it is, and I hope it may bring you luck."

Bob always kept an envelope in the safe with a few hundred dollars in it, so he had no trouble in completing the deal, and the unfortunate old fellow went away feeling happy that he had been able to stave off going to the Island for a spell at least.

"Many people would call me a fool for giving up fifty dollars for this valueless piece of paper," said Bob to himself after the visitor had departed, "but if the \$50 makes that old chap happy for a time, at any rate, I don't think I've made such a bad investment. There's very little sentiment down here in Wall Street. If I've indulged in it I suppose it's because I'm inexperienced. However, a boy like me, worth \$71,000, can afford to indulge in such a thing once in a while, when it doesn't cost much. Maybe some time this thing might turn out to be worth a few cents."

share, but I rather doubt it. People don't throw a mine overboard as long as there's any show of getting anything out of it. I'm afraid this mine never was anything but a wildcat. Lots of them are launched on the public to swindle the credulous out of their money. I think, on the whole, I'll frame this and hang it up in my room."

CHAPTER XV.—Conclusion.

During September, Dunstan Leach and Bill Stidger were tried at the county seat of Suffolk County for the two robberies they had committed on the south shore of Long Island, were found guilty and sent to Sing Sing for five years each.

After that, things went along in Wall Street in the same old way until the first of November, when one of Mr. Danforth's clerks left his employ, and Bob was promoted to the vacancy and another messenger and office boy succeeded to the lad's place.

Now that Bob had begun to step up the ladder in earnest, he thought he was justified in asking Dora to be his wife in the near future, and she readily consented to link her future with his. Her parents saw no objection to the match, for an enterprising young fellow with good prospects, worth over \$71,000, was not to be found every day.

Along about Christmas a rich body of ore was uncovered in the New Eldorado. As soon as the fact was fully established to the satisfaction of the new owners, they suppressed the matter and then began to look up the large number of shares of the mine originally sold to the public for development purposes. Every broker in Goldfield had orders to buy this stock in, as low as he could get it, but not over five cents a share. Probably 75,000 shares were rounded up in this way. As it was known that some 50,000 shares had been sold in New York, mining brokers in the metropolis were also instructed to buy in all the shares they could find.

Bob, as a matter of course, was ignorant of all this until one day Joe rushed into Mr. Danforth's office with a financial paper in his hand and told the cashier he'd like to see Bob. He was allowed to go to Bob's desk.

"What's the matter, Joe, you look excited?" asked his chum.

"Here's a chance for you to get something for that mining certificate you've got hung up in your room," replied Joe, pointing out a small advertisement in the paper.

The advertisement stated that any one having shares of the New Eldorado Gold and Silver Mining Co., of Paradise, Nevada, could dispose of the same by calling on Billings & Co., No. — Maiden Lane.

"There must be something doing in the mine at last," said Bob, reflectively, after he had read the announcement. "I'll go there during lunch hour and see what it amounts to."

About one o'clock that day, Bob went up to Maiden Lane and called at the office of the mining agency. He told the clerk that he had seen their advertisement calling for New Eldorado stock, and asked him what was in it.

"Have you any of the shares?" asked the clerk.

"I have."

"How many?"

"Ten thousand."

"Who do you represent?"

"Myself."

"Is the stock your property?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you bring the certificates with you?"

"No, sir. It is only one certificate."

"Ah, a block of 10,000, eh? Well, I am instructed to offer two cents a share for it."

"It cost ten cents a share."

"That may be. In fact, some of the stock was sold as high as twenty-five cents a share, but that has no bearing on the case now. I will give you my check for \$200 for the certificate when you bring it down."

"No, sir. I am not anxious to sell at that figure."

"What's your name and address? I might be able to make you another offer after communicating with my principal out West."

Bob gave him his name and address and then left. He immediately wrote to a reputable broker in Goldfield, stating that he had a certificate of 10,000 shares of New Eldorado, and asked him for an offer, stating that he wouldn't consider anything under ten cents. He also wrote to a big mine owner in Paradise, asking for information about the mine, and telling him that he had 10,000 shares, which he was holding as an investment. From the Goldfield broker he received an offer of twelve cents a share. But Bob held on in spite of the fact that Billings & Co. offered him fifteen cents a share for his block, later on twenty, and finally twenty-five. A month later the fact was published broadcast that the New Eldorado had turned up a trump, and that the stock was in demand at fifty cents a share.

Eventually, Bob sold the block for \$3.50 per share, or \$35,000. Then he tried to locate old John Reid, the man who sold it to him. He found him in the poorhouse on the Island. Bob took him out and handed him \$1,000 to keep him in his old age, and the old man was deeply grateful to him, you may well believe.

Bob was now worth over \$100,000, and with a salary of \$15 a week he concluded to get married, for he was approaching his twenty-first year. As Dora was ready and her folks willing, the event came off that June, with Joe as best man, and Lily Page as bridesmaid.

With the retirement of Mr. Brooks from the office, Bob was raised to the post of cashier. It was not long afterward that Mr. Danforth gave him an interest in the business, at a reasonable figure, and the firm name became Danforth & Evans. Joe Vincent left Mr. Langsing's employ and became head bookkeeper for his chum. Long before this happened, Joe had married Lily Page.

Next week's issue will contain "A HARVEST OF GOLD; or, THE BURIED TREASURE OF CORAL ISLAND."

"I hope you are not bringing up your children to worship money, Hawkins," said Dubbleigh. "No, indeed," sighed Hawkins. "Why, Dubb, my children despise money so much that the minute a dollar comes their way they get rid of it as fast as they can."

CURRENT NEWS

DOG FINDS GOLD

A boy playing with his dog, which scratched up a sample of gold from the surface of the ground, was responsible for the latest gold "strike" in New South Wales.

PAWNS \$10 BILL

A Wichita, Kan., man pawned a \$10 bill for \$9. The pawnbroker told the police that the man said the bill was a present to him. He said that he needed some money, but didn't want to give up entire rights to the bill by spending it, so he pawned it for thirty days. The bill is genuine.

PUDDINGS EXPLODE

Explosions of plum puddings in several Pottsville, Pa., homes were reported to city officials. In several cases women who were preparing the puddings were much alarmed, as pans and puddings went bang against ceilings. Investigation showed that the explosions were due to steam expansion in the puddings after being dished. Puncturing the top of the pudding with a fork will prevent such occurrences, officials declared.

SUGAR FROM ARTICHOKE

By a process discovered by experts of the Government's Bureau of Standards, sugar one and a half times as sweet as the cane and beet varieties may be extracted from artichokes. The refining treatment necessary is so simple that, it is said, the cost of manufacturing the product can be greatly reduced. Because of the low expense in cultivating the vegetable and its heavy yield when compared to other sugar-bearing plants, it is believed the artichoke may be extensively employed to provide a great part of the future crops. Lack of means of crystallizing the extract has been a bar heretofore.

MERCURY YIELDS GOLD IN TOKIO TEST

Gold has been obtained from mercury by Professor Hantaro Nagaoka, a Japanese scientist, according to word received from Tokio by the American Chemical Society. It was said a microscopical photograph had been taken of the gold. The message said:

"By using a mercury lamp, the anode of which is exposed to air, for more than 200 hours, under the electro-motive of 225 volts, Professor Nagaoka obtained about 0.5 gram of soot, from which one milligram of gold was isolated. A white metal has been found in the soot, which is supposed to belong to the platinum group."

FINDS SIGHT A HANDICAP

Amos Cady of Boliver, Mo., could play six instruments simultaneously while he was blind, but now that he has regained his sight he can play only one. He was blind twenty-two years. He played a harmonica, held to his mouth with a yoke around his neck, a banjo with his hands, a brass drum beaten with his elbow, cymbals struck with his knees, a triangle and eight Swiss bells rung by his feet.

His inability to play more than one instru-

ment now is explained by the fact that he can no longer concentrate sufficiently to play the six instruments because the acute sensitiveness of touch and feeling that comes with blindness left when his sight was restored.

PASTOR QUILTS PULPIT TO LIVE IN A CAVE

Warfare of church modernists and fundamentalists did not find a recruit in the Rev. H. S. Mobley of Little Rock, Ark.

Instead, he resigned the pulpit and took himself and family away from the bickerings of pacifists and militarists—to live as a cave man.

In the Boston range of the Ozark Mountain country, near Prairie Grove, Ark., the former minister found his haven.

It was a light, dry cave, 67 feet long and 18 feet high, with a ceiling of colored rock formation, a precipitous cliff towering high above it.

"I wanted to rear my boys away from the temptations and strife of city life," he says.

"Here they are blessed with the gifts of nature and we can gain a good livelihood from the earth."

PHILADELPHIA WILL ERECT STADIUM TO SEAT 250,000

An ordinance authorizing construction of the largest stadium in the world, to be located in South Philadelphia, on a tract adjacent to the League Island Navy Yard, was introduced in City Council by Mayor Kendrick's office. The vast structure, designed to seat more than 100,000, with terraced standing room for 150,000 additional, is expected to be completed in time to be the main feature of the 150th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

Construction of the stadium is to be under the general supervision of the Department of Public Works, and \$2,000,000 has been appropriated to defray its expenses. The department is authorized in the ordinance introduced yesterday to enter into contracts for the erection, construction and equipment of the stadium.

SUPERSTITIOUS ABOUT TOADS

The toad is not an attractive animal and it has always been the object of curious beliefs or superstitions. Small boys believe that if one is killed and turned on its back there will be rain before night. For ages the general public has held to the belief that warts were produced by handling toads. Other traditions credit the toad with the power of poisoning infants with its breath; of bringing good fortune to the house in the new-made cellar of which one is found; of curing infants of stammering if rubbed on the back of the neck; and of causing a cow to dry or give bloody milk if she accidentally kills a toad while being driven home from pasture. The works of the early writers on natural history team with vague unsubstantiated accounts of the venomous qualities of the breath and sputum of the toad, the medical value of toad skins for treating ailments, and the valuable toadstone found in its head.

GUS AND THE GUIDE

— Or, —

Three Weeks Lost in the Rockies

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER VII.

The Stumping Of Silas Stump.

"Surest thing. Hundreds of times."

"What's its name?"

"Name? It hain't got no name. They don't name every valley up hyar in the range."

"Where does it lead to?"

"Lead to? Why, it leads back in the mountains, of course. Whar should it lead to? Say, Gus, ycu and me hev pulled together fust-rate so far, so I hope you hain't goin' to call me a liar. I should be awfully sorry to draw onto you, but I shall have to do it if you call me a liar. I don't allow no man to do that."

Gus stopped laughing.

Silas Stump was a humbug, there could be no longer any doubt about it.

As a prospector he probably knew his business, but as a guide he was rapidly proving himself a miserable failure.

"What shall we do now that we have lost the trail?" demanded Gus, heartily wishing that he had never taken the man into his confidence at all.

Silas scratched his head, and sent a long brown stream of tobacco-juice over the edge of the precipice.

Gus was peering over, but could see no break in the rocky wall short of a fringe of trees over a hundred feet below.

"I think," said Silas, "that the best thing we can do is to build a fire and hev some dinner. Ef you want my opinion thar it is."

He had scarcely spoken when a curious growling attracted the attention of both.

Gus wheeled about and looked in the direction of the sound.

There, standing on its hind legs between two spruce trees was a huge brown bear, staring at Gus and the guide.

Again it growled, and Gus's horse took fright dashing off along the edge of the precipice on the run.

"Catch the horse, Silas!" cried Gus. "Leave me to tackle the bear."

Gus prided himself on his shooting, but his rifle had gone off with the flying horse.

It was a case too serious to be fooled with.

Silas ran to his own horse and sprang into the saddle.

"Let her go!" he yelled.

Gus had drawn his revolver, and now had a bead on the bear, but held back until Silas gained the saddle.

Up to that minute Mr. Bear had stood on his hind legs, never moving, but the instant Silas

gave the shout he dropped on all-fours and vanished among the trees.

"Look out for yourself, Gus!" shouted Silas. "Don't muss with the bear!" and away he dashed in pursuit of the flying horse.

Gus laughed at the idea of being afraid of a bear, when he had shot as many as a dozen in his time.

But he had never shot even one with a revolver, and this was an unusually large bear.

He started in to follow, however, determined not to go very far or to run the least risk of separating himself from the guide.

The bear had now vanished among the trees, and when Gus reached the spot where he had stood he could see nothing of him.

As the crust was still strong enough to hold the weight of his own footsteps, it was useless to look for the trail of the bear, so Gus stopped and listened, hoping to catch the sound of the animal's footfalls on the frozen snow.

Not a sound could he hear except the dash of Silas's horse in the distance, but there were the hoof-prints of the girl's horse, however, and Gus started in to follow those, keeping a sharp lookout for the bear.

He went along rather gingerly, for he had not forgotten the shot.

The horse had left his mark on the snow distinctly enough, and the trail went in and out among the trees, taking many windings; as it offered a sure means of retracing his steps, Gus followed it for about a quarter of a mile, coming then to a pricipice where the descent was perhaps a hundred feet down into a narrow gulch. At the edge of this precipice stood a rude log hut, the trail ending directly at the door.

At first Gus did not dare to approach the hut.

He stood in the shadow of a great spruce tree for as much as ten minutes, watching.

The door of the hut was open, and there was no sign of any one within.

All around the snow presented the same smooth, unbroken surface, except where the horse's hoofs had penetrated.

The trail ended directly at the door, and there was no back track nor imprint of hoof on either side.

It looked as if the horse had passed directly into the hut.

When this idea came to Gus he noticed that the door was much higher than usual.

For a small broncho to enter would be entirely possible, and if the girl had bent low in the saddle she need not have left it in order to go in, too.

"I'd like to bet this is the hold-out of the Gophers," thought Gus. "Of course, there is an easy explanation to all these mysteries if a fellow can only find it. I'm going to take chances and have a look inside there."

It had suddenly grown darker, and there was a marked chill in the air.

Hemmed in as he was by the spruce trees, Gus could scarcely see the sky, and where he could catch a glimpse it was clear enough, but his past experience among the Rockies in Colorado told him that one of those sudden storms which often come sweeping over that mighty range was very likely close at hand.

"It looks like a blizzard. I must be quick!" he

said to himself, as he walked boldly out from behind the spruce tree and entered the hut.

The place was deserted and unfurnished. There was nothing to indicate that it had been inhabited in a long time.

There were two rooms on the ground floor, the rear one overlooking the precipice, and for that reason there was only the one door.

Gus had scarcely time to take a good look around when a fierce rush of wind struck the hut, causing it to rock and tremble, and looking back through the open doorway he could see the whirling snow.

"A blizzard, surest thing," thought Gus. "This may be a three-days' storm before we get through with it. I mustn't lose a moment in connecting with the grub."

Traveling in the Rocky Mountains in winter is a serious business, and in spite of the comparatively short distance which separated him from the guide, Gus knew the risk he ran of never seeing Silas Stump again.

Wasting no further time over the hut mystery, Gus ran for his life.

Already the storm has struck that high point with a fierceness which if continued for any length of time might mean the failure of their attempt to reach the stone hut on the peak beyond.

"We'll have to tie up here if it continues," thought Gus; "but after all it may be only a squall."

The whirling flakes were so thick that it was hard to see his way, and the only thing he could do was to follow the trail of the girl's horse, which was rapidly filling.

Gus did some lively sprinting, however, and reached the edge of the high precipice before the trail had entirely disappeared.

Now that he was in the open it did not take him long to understand that this was no squall.

The snow was so thick that he could not see a foot ahead of him.

"I'll give Silas just three minutes," he said to himself. "If he don't answer the whistle it's back track to the hut, or my goose is cooked."

Gus and the guide had arranged for signalling each other before starting out.

Producing a small whistle, Gus blew it three times with all his might.

In a moment he heard the answering whistle, which did not seem to be very far away.

"Sile! Hey, Sile!" he shouted, but the howling wind blew his words away.

Again Silas's signal came, and Gus answered.

Then in a minute the guide's cry came toward him on the wind.

Gus never moved an inch, but just stood there, keeping the whistle going, for it was the only way.

In a moment to his immense relief he saw Silas Stump emerging from the whirling snow.

The guide had captured the horse, and the blankets and provisions were safe.

"Gee whiz!" panted Silas. "This here is a corker! Into the saddle, quick! We want to push ahead to about whar I nipped the broncho. There's a high ledge of rocks there, and we may be able to get the tent up under the lee of it."

"Is it a squall?" shouted Gus, scarcely able to make his voice heard.

"Squall nothing! It's a blizzard, boy! It wouldn't surprise me one bit if this here storm was to hold for three days."

"If it does it will put the kibosh on our plans."

"And on us, too! Mount! Why don't you mount?"

"Silas, there is a hut near here. It is less than a quarter of a mile. The place is deserted. Hadn't we better strike for that?"

"Sure we had, if you think we can find it."

"We can try. It is right back here through the trees. I'm sure I can lead you to the place."

"Try it, then," shouted Silas, "for to tell you the honest truth I think that up thar whar I talked of tying up we would perish in the storm."

There was no further talking done after that, for what they had already attempted was difficult enough.

Gus threw himself into the saddle and took the lead.

There was no trail to help him now—not a trace of it remained.

All Gus could do was to use his wits, and those were not sufficient for the purpose.

He was sure that he was going in the right direction.

Shouting in Silas's ear a warning of the precipice, he urged the horse forward, but they did not come to the hut.

Silas stood it patiently for about ten minutes, and then drew rein.

By this time there was no longer any doubt about the true nature of the storm. It was a blizzard of the worst kind.

"Gus!" shouted the guide, "can you hear me, boy?"

"Just, and no more! Let me get on the other side of you!" yelled Gus, guiding his horse.

"We are lost!" bawled Silas. "We are going around in a circle, surest thing. Fust you know we will be over the high precipice. What's to be done?"

"It's up to you," roared Gus. "You are the guide."

"We'll let the horse follow his own head, then!" yelled Silas. "It's the only way."

Gus would have suggested it, for he had heard his father say the same thing many times.

Silas gave his horse the spur, and dropped the reins upon his neck.

With a bound the broncho went dashing off into the whirling flakes, the accumulation of snow on the ground not having yet become sufficient to seriously check his speed.

All of a sudden Gus perceived that Silas was going down-hill.

"Look out!" yelled the guide.

But Gus made no effort to check the horse's speed. There was nothing for it but to follow Silas, so he just let him go.

It was no precipice. They had struck a steep slope which appeared to lead down into some valley, but which side of the spruce grove they were on Gus did not pretend to determine.

Down they went flying, protected now from the fury of the storm by a wall of rock which rose on their right.

"Silas! Where are we? Where does this lead to?" bawled Gus.

(To be continued.)

Interesting Radio News and Hints

REDUCING WAVE LENGTH

The antenna series condenser is used to reduce the wave length. The smaller the capacity of this condenser the greater is the reduction in wave length. The difference in the results obtained with the 43-plate condenser and 23-plate condenser would not warrant the expense of changing. The Vernier adjustments on condensers add to the efficiency of the set and are particularly helpful in tuning in distant stations.

RADIO FACTS

Few persons need to be told how rapidly radio is interpenetrating every part of our daily life.

More than 2,500,000 radio sets have been manufactured and sold in the last three years in this country, with 560 broadcasting stations in operation in our United States, and 16,000 amateur transmitters sending and receiving by radio.

According to engineers of the Radio Corporation, 3,000 manufacturers are turning out sets or parts of sets, thirty radio magazines have been started, 250 books have been written, 20,000,000 listeners constitute the present radio audience, and these spent \$175,000,000 on their hobby last year, giving employment in one way or another to 500,000 persons. There are twelve trans-oceanic stations, which communicate not only with Europe and Latin America but with 2,7000 radio-equipped ships.

THE REFLEX RECEIVER

The reflex circuit has become one of the standard favorites. The Erla set adds to this, excellent workmanship and strong, efficient material and apparatus.

It was tested on a recent evening when the atmospheric condition was bad. Within a reasonable time all the local stations as well as stations in Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Troy and Buffalo were all brought in distinctly on the loud speaker.

This circuit is remarkably quiet and free of set noise. The quality of the reception is excellent. This is a feature of the Erla reflexed circuit. The crystal detector has maintained its supremacy against the inventions of science and man and the crystal, when properly adjusted is admitted the best detection material. It is sometimes difficult to control the crystal. To locate on its surface the best point and then to keep it demands that the operator have patience. It is worth it when the desired point is obtained.

The set is non-radiating and tunes easily and accurately.

Its distance and volume did not equal, on the same night and on the same antenna and batteries, that obtained by a "straight" 3-tube circuit. It stands to reason despite what the reflex fans may say that tubes cannot be made to do double service and like give double efficiency.

THE SATURATION POINT

The filament should not be burned at maximum brilliancy. It is the function of the filament to emit electrons when it is heated by cur-

rent from the "A" battery. The more current turned on the brighter the filament glows and the electron flow increases up to a certain point, and then no matter how much current is supplied there will be no further flow of electrons. This is known as the critical or saturation point. When the filament is burned brighter than the critical point the tube's life is shortened and the efficiency of the set is reduced. To burn the filament past the critical point merely reduces the life of the tube, decreases the efficiency of the set and consumes current from the "A" battery more rapidly. Burn the vacuum tubes just below the point of howling.

NEW CHARGING METHOD FOR "B" BATTERIES

Radio sets using from three to eight tubes have become increasingly popular, due to their wide range, power and receiving qualities. When a number of tubes are used the drain on the "B" batteries becomes proportionately greater. For this reason the storage type of "B" batteries which can be recharged are now widely used because of their economy and steady operation. The home-type tungar battery chargers used for charging "A" batteries can be adapted by means of a simple device, the "B" battery attachment.

This attachment is hung on the side of the charger and the short lead is clipped to the line tap in the five-ampere tungar, or the soldered joint on the right of the transformer in the two-ampere charger. The long lead from the attachment is connected to the positive terminal of the "B" battery, and the negative lead goes to the negative terminal of the battery. The positive lead is not used, and should be kept apart from the battery while charging. A twenty-four-volt battery may be charged at 0.2 ampere and a forty-eight-volt battery may be charged at 0.1 ampere. Higher voltage batteries can be charged by using additional attachments. For instance, a ninety-six-volt battery should be divided in half and the two negative terminals connected to the negative lead. Two attachments are used, the short leads being both connected to the charger as before and one long lead going to each positive battery terminal. Thus the two sections of the battery are charged in parallel.

The operation of the "B" battery attachment can be easily understood. When charging a six-volt "A" battery connections are made to the positive and negative leads. The current is supplied by the left-hand coil on the auto transformer, which is the low-voltage side. In the case of the "B" battery, connections are made so that current is supplied by the right-hand coil, which furnishes sufficiently high voltage to take care of the higher voltage battery. The "B" battery attachment is merely a resistance coil which limits the charging current to the proper value.

An overnight charge once in two or three weeks will, in general, be sufficient to keep the "B" batteries in good condition. The length of charge and further details may be obtained from the battery manufacturers' instructions.

GOOD READING

HOTELS ON FLOATING ISLANDS

Hotels on floating island in mid-Atlantic will be a feature of the new airway to be opened next Spring, which will make it possible to reach Buenos Aires by way of Paris in less than a week from London.

The scheme has been prepared by Pierre Late-soers, the French airway magnate, and only the formal sanction of the French Government is now required.

The floating islands in the Atlantic will be constructed to afford accommodations for passengers and seaplanes alike. They will be established on the route between Dakar (Senegal) and Fernando de Noronha Island, off the Brazilian coast.

It is anticipated that it will take eighteen months to construct and fix these floating stations. In the interim passengers will be conveyed over that part of the route by fast boats.

The floating islands will be of open square, or horse-shoe shape. They will be capable of being turned in whatever direction will best afford a safe landing place and anchorage for the sky liners. Extensive supplies of fuel and spare parts will always be available, so that repairs can be carried out in mid-ocean if necessary.

There will also be accommodations for the ultra-modern traveler to take rest and refreshments.

The journey, which at present takes about twenty-two days, will be divided into two stages, the first being from Paris by way of Marseilles and Casablanca as far as Dakar. This will take approximately three days. Then will come the trans-oceanic stretch, along which will be the floating havens, to Fernando de Noronha.

DEVILFISH ARE LIKED AS FOOD

Devilfish, better known as "polypus octopus hongkongensis," are being caught at Santa Cruz, California, like flies in a trap and the tentacles are being shipped to fish markets in San Francisco, New York and other cities, where they are sliced and sold at from 50 to 60 cents a pound, according to C. B. Florence, Secretary of the California State Fish Exchange. Mr. Florence says the sliced octopus tentacle makes a succulent table delicacy when properly fried.

While fishermen emulate Victor Hugo and other writers of fiction by telling of terrific battles with giant devilfish, usually ending by explaining how the fish reached one of its eight arms above the water and wrapped it around the boat, breaking the craft in two, Mr. Florence and Professor Harold Heath, department of zoology, Stanford University, California, state that this is physically impossible. Professor Heath describes the octopus as being "of a shy and retiring disposition."

"The devilfish has no bones or no structure of any kind," said Mr. Florence. "It cannot swim, but can only float on the water, or propel itself on the floor of the ocean by means of fastening its suckers on a rock and pulling itself along."

"Each of the eight tentacles are covered with cup shaped suckers, and these form a vacuum

when fastened on an object. Fishermen haul them out of the traps with their bare hands and throw them in boxes in a manner that is extremely undignified to a fish that has an age-old fictional reputation of being a man-killer and boat-smasher."

In the picturesque food shops that line the narrow streets of San Francisco's colorful Chinatown the tentacles of the devilfish may be seen hanging from hooks alongside many other edibles that are strange to the native American. On the floors of the wholesale fish houses the devilfish may be seen stacked in jelly-like heaps, with tentacles, in some cases, extending ten feet across, five feet from each side of the small, egg-shaped head.

The traps at Santa Cruz, where the majority of the devilfish are caught on the Pacific Coast, are built like fly traps, only much larger. The traps are made of wire, with a cone-shaped entrance for the octopus to squeeze through in order to reach the bait fixed for him. He has no trouble in entering the ever-narrowing funnel, but finds it impossible to leave. Usually, fishermen state, two or more are caught in the same trap.

Instead of being a fighter, the devilfish protects itself from attack by changing its color and hiding from its enemy, according to Professor Heath. He says:

"To agility and naturally acute senses should be added their surprising ability to change their color to harmonize with that of their surroundings, so that prey and enemies alike are usually unaware of their proximity. This color change is based upon minute elastic sacs filled with pigment and supplied with muscles for causing their expansion."

"As a devilfish crawls about on the sea bottom its color can be seen to change in a twinkling from deep chocolate through dull red and to gray. If sand or rock is encountered on the journey the skin is usually thrown into lumps and ridges, so that under all conditions the body is practically invisible."

However, if Professor Heath's opinion of the devilfish as a food is heeded, the fish will continue to be eaten by its celestial admirers and by a limited few who crave the unusual. Properly to place before the American epicurean a dish of tender octopus, Professor Heath says, something must be done "to destroy its rubber-like consistency."

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FROM ALL POINTS

118,800,000 SQUARE YARDS OF ASPHALT LAID IN 1924

Based upon a compilation of information which it has received, the Asphalt Association announces the yardage of asphalt pavements laid on the streets and highways of the United States in 1924 totals 118,800,000 square yards. This is an increase of 10 per cent. over the yardage laid in 1923. Reports from Washington, Oregon, California, Arizona and Nevada indicate 72 per cent. of all paving contracts let in those States in 1924 were for asphalt and 80 per cent. of all asphalt yardage contracted for in the five States included asphaltic concrete foundations.

ROVER'S FRIEND

Rover, the pet dog owned by Walter Pratt, of Bowdoinham, Me., gets along famously with the family cat, and the cat always sleeps at night between the paws of Rover. One night, after the family had retired, it was aroused by a scratching and a low barking at the front door. When the door was opened, in walked the cat, with one foot caught in a trap; behind came Rover, carefully holding up the chain of the trap. Far up a neighboring stream trappers had set traps for muskrats, and Kitty evidently walked into one. Rover must have heard her cry and gone to the rescue, for he had evidently searched, found the water; then freeing his friend as much as possible, carried the chain all the way home.

RADIO A GREAT BOON TO THE LUMBER-JACK

Before the coming of radio few opportunities for education were to be had by lumberjacks in the great pine forests of the Northwest, according to Palmer G. Lewis, spokesman for a group who recently sent in their appreciation to Station KGO, Oakland, Calif. But with radio receivers now in their camps, and with no other form of amusement available, lumberjacks find that isolation in the forest is driving them into listening, even to educational programs over radio.

Miles away from the nearest town or road,

seated around a loud speaker employees of a western Washington logging camp in the Cascade Mountains requested Mr. Lewis to send their appreciation to KGO for entertainment and instruction broadcast.

"These men have never had the opportunity to listen to a college professor, or of hearing English spoken in its purest form," he wrote. "They would probably not have taken advantage of it if they had. But up here in the woods, with no other amusement, they listen with attentive ears. Interesting educational talks broadcast by KGO every Monday evening are giving these lumberjacks who have been denied the advantages of education and contact with cultured society, a chance to learn something regarding our social, educational and industrial conditions. Saturday evening we went to the theater, so to speak, and heard your players give 'Nothing But the Truth.' The boys sat in groups around our set shaking with suppressed mirth at the comical situations in the play, scarcely daring to breathe lest they miss a word."

LAUGHS

Gayboy—Do you know anything about betting on horse races? Gayman—I know all about it. I've quit.

Jones—Yes, sir; that boy of mine is a wonderful piano-player. Why, he can play with his toes. Brown—How old is he? Jones—Fifteen. Brown—I've got a boy at home who can play with his toes, and he is only one year old.

Miss Caustique—Do tell me, Mr. Addlepate, how do you manage to keep your hands so soft? Mr. Addlepate—I always sleep with my gloves on, you know. Miss Caustique—How interesting. And do you sleep with your hat on, too?"

Noted Physician—Do you know why it is that city people are straight, and walk with heads erect, while country people nearly always bend over? Farmer Hayseed—I s'pose it's 'cause country people hain't got any tall buildin's to look up at.

Mr. Flubdub—You women are mighty slow. During the time it took you to select that hat I went out and made \$200. Mrs. Flubdub—I'm so glad, dear. You'll need it!

A small girl of three years suddenly burst out crying at the dinner-table. "Why, Ethel," said her mother, "what is the matter?" "Oh!" whined Ethel, "my teeth stepped on my tongue!"

In a small Missouri town the postoffice is decorated with a placard that conveys the following information: Stamps, 2 cents; stamps licked, 3 cents; stamps, licked and stuck, 4 cents."

"Hello, Rummel! I hear you had your watch stolen the other day? "Yes, but the thief is already caught. Just think, the fool took it to the pawnshop and there they immediately recognized it as mine and detained him."

UNIQUE CLOCKS

FOSSIL FOREST IN N. Y.

3-MILE WELL SEEKS OIL

A DRY YEAR IN 1925

HOW MUCH IS IT?

"By the way, ask your twelve-year-old child to state in words the value of the 18 and forty-eight ciphers."

ARTICLES OF INTEREST

HOW RAISINS ARE MADE

What are raisins? Dried grapes, somebody answers. They are dried in the sun on wooden plates. When they have stood about ten days and are almost dry on one side a tray is placed on top of the grapes and the whole thing turned over so that the other side can dry. Then, says the Minneapolis Tribune, they are piled up in stacks of ten or twenty trays. In a few days they are put into large boxes called sweat boxes.

THREE GENERATIONS EMIGRATE

Covering three generations and including thirty-five persons, a family from Retford, Nottinghamshire, shortly sails for Canada to settle on farms in Sashatchewan. It is believed to be the largest group of three generations that has ever emigrated.

The party includes father, mother, four sons and one son-in-law, with their respective wives and twenty-three children. All the adults have a good knowledge of agriculture, and they are going out under the point British-Canadian Government scheme for settling 3,000 British farming families in Canada within two years.

ABOUT MOUNT ETNA

Mount Etna, the volcano that rises above the cities and towns of Sicily, not only supplies them with land on which to grow their vines and olives, with sulphur out of which to draw profit in trade, but, strange as it may seem, with snow to cool their drinks and keep their fruits fresh in the summer. The annual snow crop is being gathered now. The crest of Etna, which rises to a height of 10,760 feet, is thickly covered with snow in winter. This snow gathers in narrow, deep ravines to a thickness of fifteen or sixteen feet. In the spring these deep drifts are carefully covered with a layer of ashes. These natural storehouses of snow are situated in many places above the 5,000-foot level, far beyond the cultivate regions, and are looked after by special guardians. They belong to the archbishop of Catania, whose dominion includes all the higher parts of the volcano.

IRON APPLES

Iron is an essential element in food, but as it occurs in small quantity in any one food, it is taken into the system in a variety of foods, one of the chief sources being fresh and dried fruits. In order to get the required amount of iron from any one single food it would be necessary for the individual to devour three and one-half loaves of white bread a day, or ten egg yolks, or fifty large prunes or five cups of raisins or fifteen tomatoes—in fact, a ridiculous quantity of any one article.

Apples are one of the best sources of iron for the diet. Raisins have been much advertised for their iron content. It is true that both fresh grapes and raisins, as well as plums and prunes, furnish this element but the apple is the heaviest

iron-carrying fruit that we can eat, having 39-100 per cent of iron in its makeup.

The use of all the fresh fruits two or three times a day will give a full ration of the needed iron for the system in combination with the iron contained in bread, eggs, meat and other articles which are routine in the daily meal. Pears also contain iron and are recommended by dieticians for their value in furnishing this element among others.

In the olden days before the science of the diet had developed and balanced meals were part of the teaching of the domestic science classes in the school, spring tonics with iron in them or tincture of iron itself were regulation prescriptions. The iron preparations injured the teeth and were usually unpleasant.

LOOK, BOYS!

TRAPEZEE

The Acrobatic Wonder Toy

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ACTIONS!

It consists of a handsome parallel iron frame on which the little yellow man accurately performs like an athlete.

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THE FLYING TRAPEZE—Release the trigger-pin and the figure swings forward, gripping the brass trapeze-bar, turns a somersault in the air and catches a cross-bar by his heels.

THROUGH THE LOOP—A swift swing and he goes through a wire loop, makes a turn and, catching by his heels, swings head downward from a bar.

THE GIANT SWING—He goes forward with a rush, releases the trapeze, catches a horizontal-bar with his heels, makes two swift somersaults in the air and catches by his heels again.

He performs two more horizontal-bar acts with the grace and agility of a circus star, and many new ones can be invented.

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RATS IN HAWAII ARE COFFEE TOPERS

Thousands and perhaps millions of sage rats in the Kona district of the Hawaiian Islands have become coffee toppers. They subsist wholly upon the ripe coffee berries and cause big losses to the growers annually. Although the rats make coffee their sole diet they do not seem to be any the worse off, so far as their physical condition is concerned. They are sleek and fat and scamper about with an undue playfulness, their unusual activity being due to the stimulating character of the food, it is supposed. Coffee growers have so far been unable to cope with the rat pest.

The little animals swarm into the bushes when the berries begin to turn and eat and destroy enormous quantities of the product. It was not until some time after the growing of coffee in the Kona district was started that the sage rats learned to like the taste of the berries. Gradually the addicts increased until now practically every rodent, young and old, will not eat anything else. They even store away large quantities of the ripe berries to tide them over the intervals between crops.

LITTLE ADS

Write to Riker & King, Advertising Offices, 530 Broadway, New York City, or 29 East Madison Street, Chicago, for particulars about advertising in this magazine

BABY CHICKS

SIEB'S QUALITY Guaranteed to Live Baby Chicks. Guarantee sent with each order. 10 leading varieties. Write for catalogue. Box 640, Sieb's Hatchery, Lincoln, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS—90c an hour to advertise and distribute samples to consumers. Write quick for territory and particulars. American Products Co., 2467, American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

HELP WANTED

BE A DETECTIVE. Opportunity for men and women for secret investigation in your district. Write C. T. Ludwig, 521 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

DETECTIVES NEEDED EVERYWHERE. Work home or travel, experience unnecessary. Write George R. Wagner, former Govt. Detective, 1968 Broadway, N. Y.

SILVERING Mirrors. French plate. Easily learned; immense profits. Plans free. Wear Mirror Works, Excelsior Springs, Mo.

EARN \$25 weekly. spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary. Copyright book free. **PRESS SYNDICATE** 1180, St. Louis, Mo.

PERSONAL

GET A SWEETHEART. Exchange letters. Write me enclosing stamp. Violet Ray, Dennison, Ohio.

HUNDREDS seeking marriage. If sincere enclose stamp. Mrs. F. Willard, 2928 Broadway, Chicago, Illinois.

HUNDREDS wealthy members will marry. List free. Mrs. McKay, B-1083, Omaha, Nebr.

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CHARMING YOUNG LADY, worth \$50,000, will marry. Club, Box 55, Oxford, Fla.

MARRY—Free photographs, directory and descriptions of wealthy members. Pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 36, Kansas City, Mo.

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Here is Mirth, Magic, Mystery, Instruction and Knowledge. Over 1,000 things to give you pleasure. Checkers, Trick Key Ring, Dice, Magic Writing Pad, Jackstones, Magnet, Leaping Frog, Gold Tooth, Magic Color Cards, Sling Shot, Jackknife, Top, Ball, Police Badge, Sunglasses, Whistle, Pistol, Cricket, Colored Crayons, Metal Puzzles, 56 feats of Magic, 15 Tricks with Cards, 73 Toasts, 52 Money Making Secrets, Jokes, Riddles, Comic Poetry, Chemical Magic, and hundreds of other things. All FREE for selling 24 packages Performed Sachet at 10c each. Send no money. **JONES MFG. CO., Dept. 101 ATTLEBORO, MASS.**

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MARRY—Write for big new directory with photos and descriptions. Free. National Agency, Dept. A, 4606, Sta. E., Kansas City, Mo.

LONESOME? Find your sweetheart. Vast membership, confidential, no embarrassment. Bertha Franz, 949 Montana St., Chicago.

PRETTY MAIDEN, worth \$60,000, but so lonesome. League, Box 39, Oxford, Fla.

MARRY—Lonely Hearts, join our club, we have a companion for you, many worth from \$5,000 to \$50,000. Descriptions, photos, introductions free. Send no money. Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

CHARMING YOUNG LADY, worth \$50,000 will marry. Club, Box 55, Oxford, Fla.

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HUNDREDS wealthy members will marry: list free. Mrs. McKay, B-1083, Omaha, Neb.

MARRY—Hundreds have found mates in my club. Stamped, addressed envelope for particulars. The Amicus Club, Lock Box D, U.P. Station, Des Moines, Iowa.

THOUSANDS wealthy, willing to marry. Photos free. Martin, Club, B-1022, Wichita, Kansas.

LONELY little "flapper," tired living alone, very wealthy. K.M.U. Club, Box 305, San Francisco, Calif.

ARE YOU LONELY? Become interesting—meet friends, refined men and women. Send stamp. Blue Bird Club, Box 56, Richmond Hill, N. Y.

SWEETHEARTS for everybody. Stamped envelopes for proposal. The Lily Club, Station H, Cleveland, Ohio.

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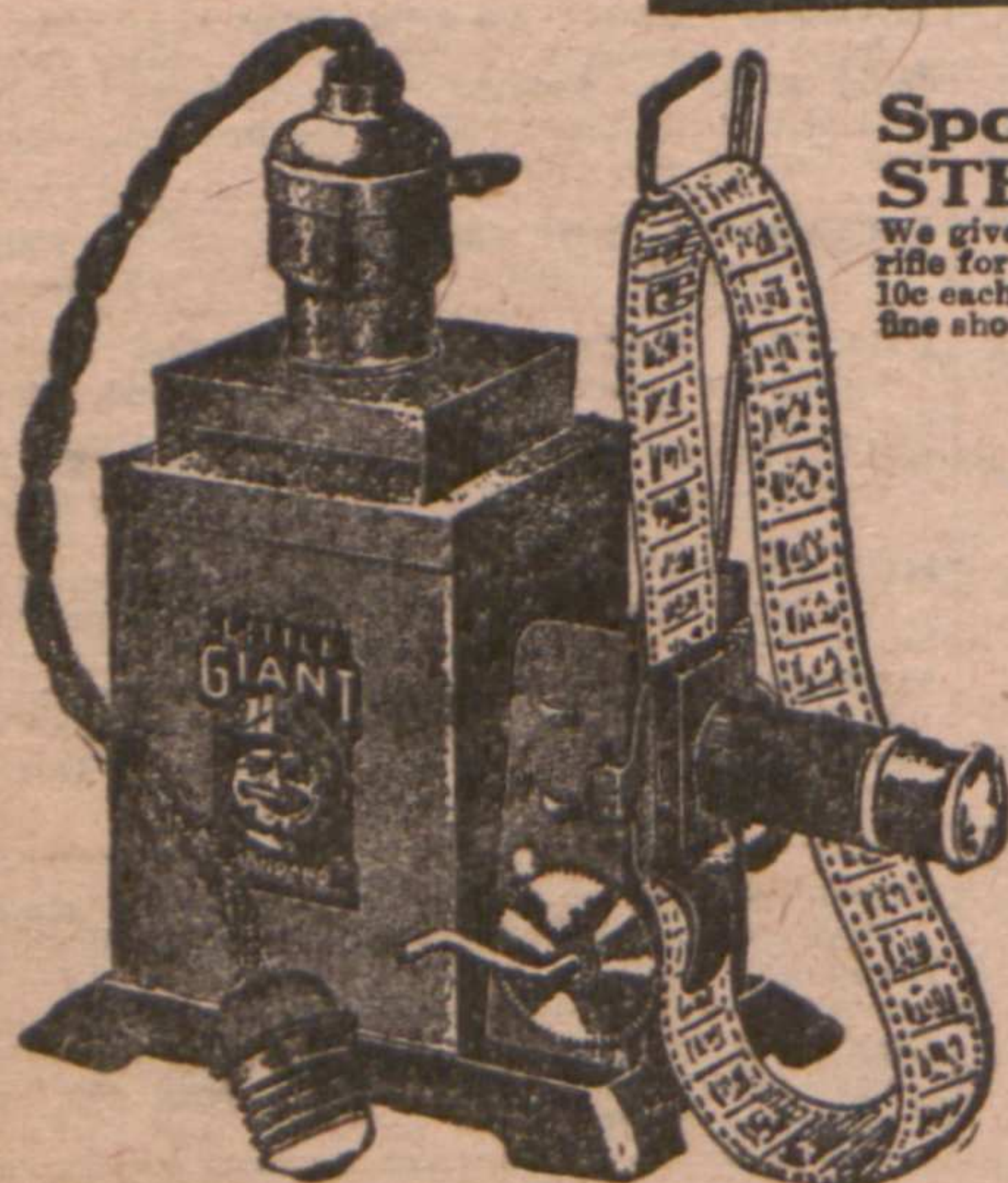
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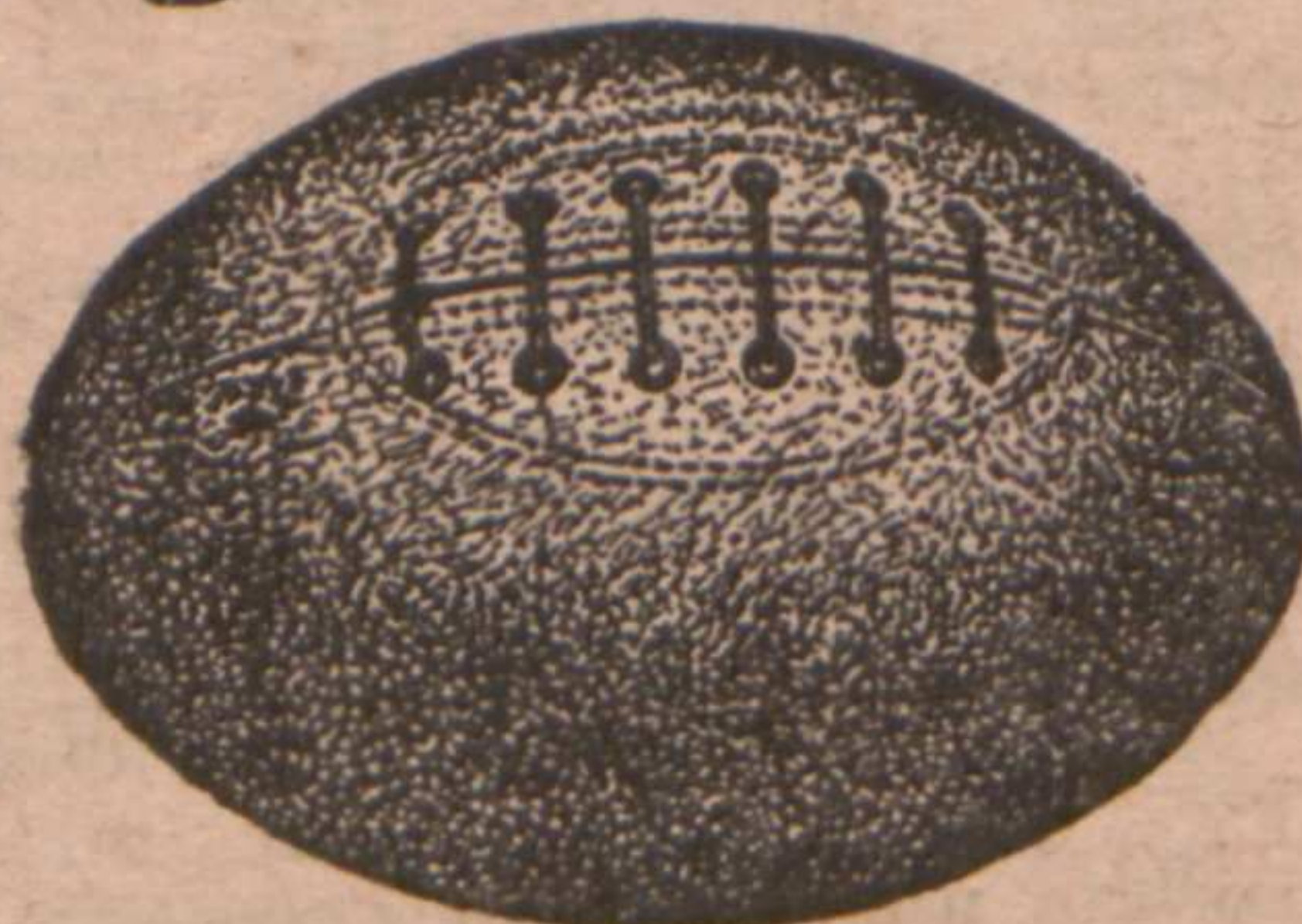
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An underground river with a strong current flowing towards Lake Ontario was discovered in the days before the Pan - American Exposition beneath the surface of the old Bennett quarry at Main street and Fillmore avenue.

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Geologists aware of the subterranean flow in the lake areas some years ago conducted a series of investigations between the Five Finger Lakes and Lake Huron and Georgian Bay. They found, they said, a responsive river system of unusual size, the most notable discovery being that a number of the long narrow lakes of the Courier du Bois region of Canada, linking across from the west end of Georgian Bay to Lake Ontario, constantly are fed by underground streams.



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